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LORD DUFFERIN'S REPORT.

IT would need a long memory, a nice faculty of political discrimination, and perhaps in addition an exceptional audacity, to enable any critic to decide what English State paper within recent times is comparable to the document in which Lord DUFFERIN has summed up the result of his inquiries and reflections on the future of Egypt and of English relations with Egypt. The document itself is a highly interesting one from a great many different points of view, and it is very natural that some of those who have hitherto commented on it, looking each at his own desires in the matter, and moreover pressed for time in the consideration of so wide-ranging a paper, should not have exhibited a full comprehension of its import. But perusal of it at leisure (except in the case of those with whom "scuttling" has become the Alpha and Omega of political discussion in matters of foreign policy) can hardly leave very different impressions. At first sight it may seem that Lord DUFFERIN has indulged, considering the subject and the occasion, in an unnecessary amount of rhetorical display. It is true that he was writing for the Continent as well as for England, and allusions to MEMNON and murmuring leaves may possibly give more consolation in Paris than they seem to have given in Birmingham. It is true also that Lord DUFFERIN is a man of letters. But he is a very accomplished diplomatist as well, and he has shown quite sufficiently before now that he has recourse to the ornaments of style for a purpose. What that purpose is, the reading of the despatch makes tolerably clear. There is a contradiction which is almost ironic between the extreme plainness of the terms in which Lord DUFFERIN speaks of the difficulties of letting the Egyptians stew in their own juice, even if the most elaborate culinary efforts be taken to assist the process, and the flowery metaphors which he summons to his aid in order to decorate, if not to support, the view favoured by the Government of which he is an emissary. The despatch might almost be divided into a duet—the astute man of the world and the accomplished student of history taking one part, and the devotee of Radical commonplaces sustaining the other with abundant *floriture*. Yet, when all is told, it will hardly be wondered at that Mr. GLADSTONE, knowing the contents of the despatch, found it necessary to call his unequalled powers of exegetic into play in order to qualify Lord HARTINGTON's incautious prophecies. The sad reflections of English Radicals are that "the last thing it suggests is an early retirement from Egypt"; that "after this appalling catalogue of difficulties complete success is out of the question"; that in the happiest event our troops "will be near enough at Malta and Aden" (the omission of Cyprus is characteristic). After these admissions it is hardly necessary to say that the plain effect of the despatch is this—that a complete withdrawal from Egypt must be adjourned *sine die*.

This conclusion, obvious from the general remarks of the document, is strengthened by consideration of its details. Those details are far too numerous and far too important to be discussed exhaustively, or even to be fully enumerated, on a single occasion. But Lord DUFFERIN, though he deprecates with adroit humility the dangerous reputation of a constitution-maker, leaves hardly a single institution untouched by his reforming finger. Independently of the alteration of the judicial and contribu-

tory privileges of foreigners—points of great importance, which it must depend wholly on the good offices or the significant attitude of England to settle with the other European Powers—war, justice, finance, the development of representative institutions, slavery, the abolition of *corvée*, agriculture, irrigation, the pecuniary affairs of the fellahen, many other things come under his notice. Lord DUFFERIN, like all impartial students of Egyptian affairs, sees that the keeping up of a large army is incompatible at once with orderly political progress and with financial economy, and he projects one which, with the assistance of the constabulary, and properly drilled by European (chiefly English) officers, will no doubt be effectual for the maintenance of internal order. He lays it down that "at the present moment there is no real justice in the country," and he proposes a scheme for securing real justice. He believes (or he has been told) that "provision must be made for the political needs of the country," and he has ready an elaborate scheme of graduated electorates, councils, assemblies, and Ministers, which ought to satisfy the most exacting Western devotees of representation. But he warns his readers that not merely will the building have to be reared, but "a broad and deep foundation will have to be laid," and he significantly points to the frightful example of the Turkish Parliament as an instance of what is the fate of such institutions unsupported by such a foundation. He is not daunted by the complicated liabilities of Egyptian finance or by the vast problem of relieving the fellah of his present chronic indebtedness. The land is to be thoroughly and inexpensively surveyed, the supply of water regulated with the least possible imposition of *corvée*. In short, all things on Egyptian earth and under it, as well as the material water of the Nile and the metaphorical air of political speculation and experiment in Parliaments and Councils, are to be taken in hand in this gigantic scheme of reorganization.

Lord DUFFERIN does not fail to drop little practical hints from time to time to the effect that much more will have to be done by England besides standing aloof and rubbing hands with pleased surprise at the rapid progress of her *protégé*—the part to which some good people at home would confine her. The army is to be as far as possible native, and, in part of it at least, ample room is to be kept for the promotion of promising native officers; but for the present at least it will be commanded and directed by Englishmen. Such foreign judges as are necessary will, to spare susceptibilities, be selected from the unsuspected, because powerless, nationalities of Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland; but there will be an English *Procureur Général*, with whom the Minister of Justice will take frequent counsel. Of financial arrangements it is not necessary to speak in detail, but there, and in all the other matters, it is hinted or pointed out that the guidance, philosophy, and friendship of England will be essential to Egypt. Nor is it needful to argue, especially as the fact has been recognized by the most unwilling, that even the complete organization of an army of six thousand men will not dispense a country with the Soudan on the one side and the Bedouins on the other from requiring a friend at hand—not it may be at Cairo, but at Cyprus and Aden, in case of need. All this has been perfectly plain to intelligent observers from the beginning; it is now expounded with official authority, or hinted at as an irresistible consequence of official statements. Unlike Lord HARTINGTON, Lord

DUFFERIN is too cautious to venture on mentioning months and years. But it is at least significant that, in reference to a condition of things indicated in one of the semi-ironic passages before noted, he does name a time. "Had 'I,' he says, 'been commissioned to place affairs in 'Egypt on the footing of an Indian subject State . . . the masterful hand of an English Resident would' have set things, if not all right, at any rate on the way to such a condition in the space of 'five years.' But, this not being the case, the actual proceedings will be, in comparison with those of the masterful Resident, 'tentative and experimental.'" This contrast can hardly be said to suggest a belief on Lord DUFFERIN's part that his Egyptian Constitution will march so satisfactorily and promptly as to enable England to wash her hands of it, as some Englishmen desire, in a few months. In short, the total impression, as distinguished from the separate impressions produced by this remarkable despatch, is that of an attempt made with singular skill, though under certain hampering difficulties, to represent the gravity, and at the same time the inevitableness, of the task England has assumed in Egypt. It is not a discouraging despatch, except to persons of unusual levity, or of such fixed ideas on the subject of non-intervention as disqualify them from judging the case. It is perhaps not unduly sanguine, though probably a majority of those best acquainted with the East and with general history will disbelieve *in toto* the possibility of creating effective representative institutions among an Asiatic or an African race. Putting, however, this one point aside, it must be allowed by common consent to blink no difficulty of the case, and to exhibit at once a remarkable command of local Egyptian circumstances and a grasp hardly less remarkable, though weakened somewhat by disturbing influences, on which it is unnecessary to dwell, of the circumstances which are not local, but which are all-important—the relations of England to Egypt.

PUBLIC BUSINESS AT EASTER.

IF the first month of the Session has proved barren of legislation, the evil is endurable, and the Ministers profess to be sanguine of better success hereafter. The postponement of the Government measures may be partly attributed to two accidental causes. In consequence of the autumn Session Parliament met unusually late, and Easter is unusually early. In the debates on Irish and colonial policy which have occupied the House of Commons Mr. FORSTER has been the most conspicuous performer. Although he is still, as he has been all his life, a zealous Liberal, no member of either party is at present so little in favour with his former colleagues. In his formidable onslaught on Mr. PARNELL, he could not avoid incidental notice of the other party to the Kilmainham Treaty. It may be conjectured that he would willingly have abstained from conducting another attack on Ministerial policy; but Mr. FORSTER, while he shares the philanthropic proclivities of many Liberals, is so far eccentric that he really cares for coloured victims of oppression. In the second of the two most eloquent speeches of the Session, Mr. FORSTER had to maintain the untenable policy of enforcing by arms the observance of the Transvaal Convention. For the inglorious abandonment of the struggle with the Boers, of which the present condition of affairs was the necessary result, Mr. FORSTER is, with the rest of the Cabinet of 1880, responsible. The most important announcement which has been made on the part of the Government was Mr. GLADSTONE's refusal either to accept Mr. PARNELL'S Bill or to introduce an alternative measure. If reliance can be placed on the firmness of the PRIME MINISTER, the first step to the discouragement of agrarian agitation will at last have been taken.

It is now understood that the Corrupt Practices Bill, and a Bill dealing with agricultural compensation, are to be pressed forward between Easter and Whitsuntide. The two promoters of the London Municipality Bill will probably have to content themselves during the current Session with an exposition by the HOME SECRETARY of the provisions of his measure. As nobody except Mr. BEAL and Mr. FIRTH wishes to meddle with the civic government of London, the details of the Municipality Bill will be subjected to much dispassionate criticism both of principles and of details. If the course of business should prove to be unexpectedly smooth, Sir W. HARCOURT will proceed

with his Bill in the latter part of the Session. The debates on the Corrupt Practices Bill are not likely to be greatly prolonged, as both parties profess with more or less sincerity to approve of increased stringency of legislation. The whole matter is of secondary importance, for voters who would accept bribes will not become eligible constituents because the trade is checked or abolished; and in a short time the extension of the franchise will render single votes unmarketable. The supporters of the Government will be well aware that no Attorney-General will interfere with the most effective and most pernicious forms of corruption. The votes of tenants are more certainly and more safely bought by a Minister who bids them take their bills and write down eighty or fifty for each hundred pounds of rent than by the arts of Men in the Moon, who indeed in the worst of times never extended their operations to counties.

Mr. GLADSTONE has frequently expressed confidence in the success of the experiment which he justly regards as the most important of recent changes in the procedure of the House. Two Grand, or Standing, Committees have been already named to deal, after the Easter recess, one with the Bankruptcy Bill and the other with several projects of law reform. The main scope of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Bankruptcy Bill seems to be approved by the majority of both parties; but the discussion of last Monday shows that there may be much difference of opinion as to its details, and even as to some of its leading provisions. The objections of Mr. STANHOPE and Sir JOHN LUBBOCK to the extension of official interference will perhaps be raised once more, though the question has been practically settled by the debate on the second reading. If the Bill is approved by the Standing Committee, it will not require a second elaborate discussion in the House. All parties are agreed in the opinion that bankruptcy ought to be made more onerous, and in some instances more highly penal, than at present. The expediency of diminishing the cost of proceedings and of securing a just distribution of assets is not open to controversy. The duty of examining and amending details will be readily delegated to the Committee. There will be a general wish to give a fair trial to the newly-constituted body; but longer experience will be necessary to show whether an ordinary Select Committee would not serve the same purpose. Almost all kinds of business are more efficiently transacted by a dozen persons than by four or five times the number. The exception is to be found in cases where an issue is raised which can only be determined by the highest authority. On such occasions a Grand Committee will be as incompetent as a Select Committee.

It happens unluckily that the second Standing Committee may be called upon to determine a fundamental question of the highest importance. The Bill for establishing a Court of Criminal Appeal will, if it is passed in its present form, have the effect of abolishing capital punishment in England. The Bill provides for an inevitable appeal in every case of conviction for murder, and even, with superfluous solicitude, for a second appeal to the House of Lords. The convict will, in truth, not so much appeal as move for a new trial; and although the application will not necessarily be granted, the Appeal Court must in every instance examine the facts as well as the law of the case. The result will be in the first instance uncertainty and considerable delay; and, as a certain consequence, popular opinion will be opposed to the final execution of the sentence. If the tendency of the measure to save the lives of criminals is not admitted, it follows that in every case the prisoner will suffer from a cruel prolongation of the interval between trial and execution. The proposed machinery is, as in the case of Lord RIPON'S rash Indian experiments, utterly disproportionate to the grievance which it purports to redress. It is well known to judges and to practitioners in Crown Courts that the conviction, and especially the capital conviction, of an innocent man is one of the rarest of occurrences. Where there is a shadow of doubt, the Home Secretary carefully examines the case, with an unavoidable leaning to the more merciful or safer side. If a more formal inquiry is thought desirable, the right to appeal ought to be subject to the opinion of the judge. In practice it has generally been found that the most atrocious criminals have been most clamorously declared to be innocent. The *Morning Star*, then the chief organ of the Radicals, declared that the execution of PALMER would be a greater crime than that of which he was convicted. The Government of the United States

took the strange course of interceding with the English Government for a respite to LAMSON. There are respectable advocates of the abolition of capital punishment; but neither Parliament nor the country is ready to make murder as safe, and therefore as frequent, in England as in Italy. In any case the decision ought not to be relegated to any inferior tribunal. It is true that the reference of a Bill to a Committee can only follow the second reading; but the probable or certain effect of this measure may not be apparent to the House of Commons, and there may be a wish to devolve the whole responsibility on the body which examines the details.

It is at present impossible to estimate the probable success of the Government in immediate legislation. The Transvaal debate will not occupy the time ordinarily available for such discussions, inasmuch as Mr. GLADSTONE has announced that it is only to be continued in morningsittings. Such treatment of a Resolution formally moved by an ex-Minister is highly discourteous; and it is more unusual when the importance of the question has been recognized in such a speech as Mr. FORSTER'S. It is not worth the while of a powerful Minister to affront the Opposition, either by depriving them of opportunities for debate or by conniving at ostentatious mutiny in their ranks. The decision will save a single evening; but it will be strange if Mr. GLADSTONE'S studied contempt of the front Opposition Bench and his eulogies on Mr. GOREST fail to produce displays of resentment which may not accelerate business. There is some prospect of partial exemption from the nuisance of unprofitable Irish debates. It appears from a correspondence between the LORD-LIEUTENANT and some of the Roman Catholic bishops that the Government adheres to the intention of enforcing the workhouse test, and that it will only sanction advances of money to occupiers in a limited number of cases. The memorialists themselves profess to disapprove of relief by means of public works, and their representatives in the House of Lords will scarcely repeat the demand for indiscriminate loans. Recent legislation has made interests in Irish land almost unavailable as security, yet it would be rash to anticipate silent acquiescence even in the soundest policy. The course of legislation will probably not be interrupted by long financial debates. Mr. CHILDEE'S first Budget will disclose a small surplus, which ought to be applied to the relief of payers of Income-tax. He is not likely to attempt surprises or fiscal innovations; and one or two nights may probably suffice for financial debate. As the New Rules have not yet been tried, it is impossible to say whether they will save time. The actual and proposed changes in the Cabinet will not affect the course of Parliamentary business. Lord CARLINGFORD has long discharged the duties which will now devolve on him as President of the Council. Lord SPENCER will of course retain his seat in the Cabinet as Lord Lieutenant. If a Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce is created, it will merely take the place of the Board of Trade, with perhaps the addition of some functions which are now discharged by the President of the Council. It is understood that the unwise demand for a Scotch Minister will not at present be granted.

GOVERNMENT AND ANARCHY IN FRANCE.

THE anniversary of the Commune has passed over in quiet, and the wits of the Extreme Left are making merry over the needless preparations which the Government have made to meet a necessity which never arose. Objections of this kind can always be urged against successful precaution; and there is no reason to suppose that the Communists of Paris have been prevented from disturbing their fellow-citizens by any more heroic sentiment than the certainty of getting the worst of it if they did. Indeed they were careful on the day itself to show that this was their only motive for keeping within doors. At the many banquets and "punches" by which the 18th of March was celebrated all the worst deeds of the Commune were recalled and glorified. Twelve years have not raised a single doubt as to the propriety of shooting generals and priests and burning public buildings. It would be doing the successors of the Commune an injustice to suppose that, if a proper opportunity offered, they would fall below the standard to which they look back so fondly. That

such an opportunity did not present itself on Sunday was the result of the measures the Government had taken. The only point on which it was possible to feel any doubt was whether the Government would actually take these measures. In the French Republic of to-day the authorities have ample means of keeping order, provided that they have the resolution to use them. Given that, and the rest follows. The army, if proper care be used not to garrison Paris by regiments recruited in the great cities, is perfectly to be trusted. It represents the peasants more than any other class, and the professional traditions by which its original temper may have been qualified are not likely to increase its love for a Paris mob. On the present occasion even the majority in the Chamber of Deputies, which, as a rule, is probably more advanced than the mass of its constituents, and very much more advanced than the mass of the army, was entirely on the side of the Government. Before it rose for the Easter recess it supported the Government in two divisions, one on a motion asking Ministers to interfere to protect religious liberty among the miners of Montceau, and again on a Bill to amnesty the recently condemned anarchists. In times of disturbance the Radicals of the Chamber are quite as much in dread of the Commune as the most moderate Republicans. The difference between them is that, while the Moderate Republicans know what the measures are which are calculated to bring the Commune to life again, the Radicals are quite in the dark upon this point. The replies which the Government gave to these two proposals were sensible and to the purpose. The MINISTER of PUBLIC WORKS said that, even if it were true that the proprietors of the Montceau mines would employ no one who did not go to church, the Government had no power to dictate to them to whom they should give work which was theirs to give or to withhold. The MINISTER of the INTERIOR pointed out that the grounds on which an amnesty was demanded would alone make it impossible to grant it. To pardon men who have undergone a portion of their punishment on the ground that they have learnt not to offend again is one thing; to pardon men whose punishment has hardly begun on the ground that what they have done did not really deserve punishment is quite another; and it is the latter plea that has been put forward on behalf of the anarchists.

In presence of views so subversive of the authority of the law, the Government might have been expected to be very chary of doing anything to injure the authority of those who administer the law. A season of anarchist trials and Communist demonstrations does not seem to be very appropriate for the introduction of a Bill which destroys the independence of the magistracy for the time and greatly weakens it for the future. But a Gambettist Ministry cannot bring itself to let the judges alone. Once more it is proposed to make the magistracy removable for three months and to place those who survive this ordeal under the supervision of a Council which is to advise the Minister of Justice whenever it thinks that a judge had better be got rid of. In many of its details the new project is less sweeping than that brought forward when GAMBETTA was himself in office, but though the proportions of the Bill have been reduced, the sting remains. For three months after its passing every judge in France will be at the mercy of the Government. No services, however eminent, no character, however irreproachable, will save them from ignominious dismissal, provided that the Government have a motive for dismissing them. And in France such a motive is never long wanting. The mere fact that there are Republicans of to-day wanting promotion will be an ample reason for sending Republicans of yesterday about their business. Every judge who is not at least as advanced in his political views as M. FERRY and his colleagues will have enemies on the watch to denounce him. Every sentence that he has pronounced from the Bench, every word that he has said in society, the company he keeps or allows his wife to keep, the friends he has made or retained, the church he has injudiciously gone to on Sundays, the charitable undertakings he has supported without first ascertaining that they were wholly dissociated from religion, have all been treasured up in preparation for this very day. So long as the law remains what it is, nothing but disappointment could come of this surveillance. The principle of irremovability makes it all labour in vain. But with the principle of irremovability suspended even for a day it at once becomes fruitful. The Minister is bound to listen

to all that can be urged against the judges, because by asking for the power to remove them he has admitted that there are some of them that deserve removal. There is something strangely short-sighted about the belief, if the Government really entertain it, that their successors will be content with smaller powers as regards the judges than those which are claimed for the present Cabinet. The Minister of Justice in the next Cabinet may think the judges whom the present Minister has left undisturbed, perhaps even the judges whom he has appointed or promoted, as much wanting in Republican fervour as those whom he has removed. In that case what is to prevent him from again suspending the principle of irremovability? Suspensions, provided that they come often enough, are quite as serviceable as the entire abolition of the principle. If it is objected that future Ministers will see that frequent suspensions are tantamount to abolition, the answer is that in this as in most other affairs it requires far more courage to make a beginning than is wanted to go on in a path that has once been marked out. How far the dignity of the law will be consulted by thus treating the judges as the mere mouth-pieces of the party that happens to be in power for the moment is a point on which it would be interesting to know M. FERRY's real views. He has had too much experience of politics to be in much uncertainty as to the tendency of the revolution in which he allows himself to bear a part.

For the moment the Government have dismissed the idea of constitutional revision; but they have shown themselves too favourable to it in time past to have much influence over those who decline to accept the return of the Gambettists to office as sufficient ground for dispensing with the fulfilment of the pledges they gave when in Opposition. At present the revision movement does not seem to have much importance. But then it is hardly necessary, from the point of view of those who are organizing it, that it should have much importance. M. FERRY has promised that in the last Session of the Chamber the question shall be seriously taken in hand; and all that the members of the Revision League have to do is to take care that he has no excuse for going back from his word. The agitation has the great advantage that it does not pledge those who work it to any particular theory of the direction which revision should take. A healthy dissatisfaction with the present order of things is the one condition of active participation. The disposition at this moment seems to be to make the abolition of the presidentship, as at present constituted, quite as prominent a cry as the abolition of the Senate. This change suggests that the Bonapartists have had some share in tracing the lines on which the agitation is to run. The abolition of a President elected by the two Chambers is as essential an article of faith with them as the abolition of a President elected by any body is with the anarchists. So long as neither party is compelled to say what kind of Government it wishes France to have when she has seen the last of M. GRÉVY, there is no reason why they should not heartily co-operate in bringing M. GRÉVY's reign to a close.

SIR GEORGE JESSEL.

THE changes in the higher judicial ranks within the last three or four years have followed one another with extraordinary rapidity. The late CHIEF JUSTICE of England was far advanced in life, and the CHIEF BARON had attained extreme old age. Lord Justice JAMES, and probably Lord Justice LUSH, had passed the age of seventy; but Lord Justice THESIGER and Lord Justice HOLKER were still in the prime of life. The death of Sir GEORGE JESSEL was, till within the last few weeks, entirely unexpected. No employment is more favourable to longevity than a judicial career. Steady and regular work is more healthy than idleness; and, except in rare cases of incompetence, judges are exempt from anxiety, from worry, and for the most part from overwork. BROUGHAM and LYNCHURST lived beyond ninety, though both in addition to their professional labours had spent their lives in political conflict. CAMPBELL became Lord Chief Justice when he was over seventy, and Lord Chancellor at eighty. The late mortality on the Bench may be regarded as casual and exceptional. Several of the judges who have been enumerated had attained high distinction; but among them all there was perhaps no public loss so great as that of the late

MASTER of the ROLLS. None of his contemporaries or predecessors possessed in a higher degree the special gift which may be called judicial genius. It is notoriously impossible to foresee whether a successful advocate will maintain or increase his reputation on the Bench. The extent of his learning and his general ability are estimated by his colleagues and competitors with approximate accuracy; but until he has been tried it is impossible to feel certain whether he may not err on the side of timidity, of rashness, of slowness, or of indecision. Sir G. JESSEL had very large practice during the latter part of his career at the Bar; but, if he had not become a judge, he would only have been remembered as one among a number of successful practitioners. It was fortunate for himself and for the public interest that his private circumstances enabled him to sacrifice perhaps two-thirds of his income by accepting promotion to the Bench.

Those who have the best means of judging are of opinion that Sir G. JESSEL's knowledge of case-law has seldom been surpassed, though the late Justice WILLES and two or three other judges and lawyers may perhaps have possessed the peculiar legal memory in equal perfection. In some cases, and particularly in Sir G. JESSEL's, extensive knowledge of cases may have been partly attributable to the early age at which he began the study of the law; but his mastery of the details of what may be called legal history was principally due to his comprehensive grasp of principles. Recorded decisions fitted themselves without difficulty in his mind into their proper places; and he could therefore find them when they were required in their respective compartments, instead of searching through a confused and irregular heap. Orators, and especially forensic speakers, know by experience that order is the first condition of accurate recollection; and the same rule applies to judicial memory. It is for this reason that the strain on an advocate's mind in dealing with facts, which may have no logical relation to one another, is much more severe than when he is arguing points of law. The MASTER of the ROLLS possessed remarkable power of remembering and appreciating evidence; but his command of precedents was still more surprising. Notwithstanding his minute and accurate knowledge of case-law, Sir G. JESSEL was by no means inclined to pay implicit deference to the opinions of his predecessors where he was at liberty to disregard their authority. As judge in a court of first instance, he was obliged to follow the decisions of co-ordinate and superior tribunals; but, if possible, he passed his judgments in accordance with general principles, and he was comparatively seldom overruled on appeal. When he afterwards sat, and for the most part presided, in the Court of Appeal, he exercised without hesitation the power of reviewing and correcting previous decisions from which he dissented. The saying that law is the perfection of common sense might well have been applied to his administration of justice; but the form in which he exhibited common sense was not the rude guess of a layman, but the scientific application of sound legal doctrines to facts. The rapidity with which he disposed of business has probably never been equalled. When he sat in the Rolls Court he seldom reserved his judgment or drew it up in writing. Neither the facts nor the law would have been clearer to his understanding if he had reconsidered the case in the fullest leisure.

The preference of substantial justice to secondary considerations is more characteristic of the present generation than of an earlier time. In the last generation a judge of wide learning and extraordinary astuteness received, in an epitaph composed in his lifetime, the eulogy that *leges Angliæ in absurdum reduxit*. Former students of the Reports of MEESON and WELSBY will remember the untiring industry with which legal analogies were followed into extreme and paradoxical consequences. Lord ABINGER alone endeavoured with imperfect success to counteract the perverse ingenuity of his colleagues. About the same time the Court of Queen's Bench contrived to interpret ordinary documents by the rules which had been elaborated for the purpose of special demurrers to pleadings. The Judges at the time were thoroughly upright, and some of them were unusually learned; but they had persuaded themselves that it was their duty to follow the letter of the law into its extremest and most irrational consequences. Half the quibbles which then diverted judicial attention from the merits of litigated cases have since been removed by the simple process of allowing amendments of verbal or formal errors. The Judges also have acquired the

habit of interpreting the law, as far as their powers extend, with a view rather to arrive at a just decision than to illustrate the numerous absurdities which may sometimes according to some possible interpretation be involved in a section of an Act of Parliament. Sir G. JESSEL's regard for justice was probably moral or conscientious; but it was primarily intellectual. It seemed to him improbable as well as anomalous that Parliament, or Courts of Law and Equity in their legislative capacity, should have established rules and doctrines directly contradictory of their undoubted object. There is some danger that Judges of less ability may carry the reaction against extreme subtlety to a mischievous extreme. Courts of justice which disregarded technical accuracy would be even more objectionable than tribunals which carried pedantic accuracy to excess. An intellect as vigorous as that of Sir G. JESSEL, equipped with ample learning, could scarcely have fallen into any similar error.

It is well known that the late MASTER of the ROLLS was the first Jew who has been elevated to the Bench. Only a few years earlier Sir FRANCIS GOLDSMID had been the first Jewish Queen's Counsel. It is interesting to observe the rapid decline of a prejudice which could only last as long as the vague objections to the modern system had not been tested by experience. No counsel and no suitor ever had occasion to remember that Sir G. JESSEL was not an orthodox Englishman. It is to be regretted that he was prevented, probably by reason of his race and creed, from enjoying the benefit of education at one of the old Universities. Cambridge indeed had long before his time admitted Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics as resident students and candidates for honours; but Dissenters of all kinds were still thirty years ago prevented from proceeding to a degree, and from Oxford they were indiscriminately excluded. At University College Sir G. JESSEL had successfully studied mathematics and natural science, but he failed to obtain the social advantages which he might have enjoyed at Oxford or Cambridge. Defects of manner, and occasional want of due consideration for others, impaired his popularity, both in the House of Commons and on the Bench. He was thought sometimes to contrast too ostentatiously his own mastery of Equity practice with the less complete knowledge of colleagues who had been trained at the Common Law Bar. There were also certain peculiarities of manner and language which could scarcely have been expected in the case of one of the ablest of men, especially as he belonged to a wealthy family. His foibles may be readily condoned in consideration not only of his extraordinary powers and valuable services, but also of a blameless character. The generosity of his disposition was shown by his uniform kindness to the younger members of the Bar who practised before him. Some anecdotes and characteristics which have been recorded by those who knew him best are interesting, and never other than creditable. His study of botany, with a view to the improvement of his garden, illustrates one of the many advantages of intellectual activity in multiplying the enjoyments of leisure. He probably took little pleasure in any occupation where he could not find some exercise for his faculties. If he had lived, the satisfaction which he would have derived from his grounds would have been proportionate to the thought and trouble which they had cost him. Another judicial change occurred on the day of Sir G. JESSEL's death. The retirement of Sir ROBERT PHILLIMORE puts a nominal end to the ancient Court of Admiralty, though the same duties will be performed by the same Judges under another name, as members of the High Court of Justice.

ITALY.

THE long and important debate on the foreign policy of Italy which has lately occupied the Italian Parliament has enabled the Ministry to give a much more clear and connected account of the relations of Italy to other Powers than is usually consistent with the proper reticence of office. Signor MANCINI had been asked to explain why it was that Italy had refused the invitation of England to join in the Egyptian expedition, and he answered the question with a candour which is refreshing after the haze and uncertainty of most Parliamentary utterances. At the beginning of last year Italy found herself in face of that established pre-eminence of France and England in Egypt which she had done her best to share and then to thwart. Greatly to her delight, she found that

the effect of the Joint Note had been to transfer the control of Egypt from France and England to Europe. As one of the Great Powers, Italy could take her part in bringing about the settlement she desired, and she could make the influence felt which she derived from her intimate association with Germany and Austria. The settlement which Italy really desired was the complete triumph of ARABI and the military insurgents. Signor MANCINI stated that Italy had striven to prevent all armed intervention in Egypt, and this was the same thing as to support ARABI; for, unless assisted from without, the KHEDIVÉ had no possible means of resisting his opponents. This is precisely the solution which would have suited the Porte, and it was because he wished ARABI to succeed that the SULTAN could never be got to send troops to stop ARABI's success. Had the wishes of Italy and the SULTAN been gratified, Egypt would have been reduced to the state of a Turkish province, with some shadow of independence, but controlled by the Porte, which in its turn would have been controlled by the Powers that had most influence at Constantinople. Protected by Germany and Austria, and having very considerable interests in Egypt, which she might hope her protectors would recognize, Italy had a fair chance of becoming the most influential adviser of the Porte in its control of Egypt. Such a state of things might not be all that could be wished; but at any rate it was in the eyes of the Italian Government much better than the old Joint Protectorate from which Italy was excluded. The hopes or plans of Italy were entirely upset by the firmness of England. Directly it became clear that England was going to support the KHEDIVÉ by sea and land there was an end of all projects of controlling Egypt through the Porte. Signor MANCINI says, with perfect truth, that Italy never thwarted England. Italy was not in a position even to try to thwart England. The orders from Berlin were peremptory that unless England acted no one should act, but that if England acted she should do whatever she pleased. But then, when asked to join England, was Italy to assent? Signor MANCINI says that to have assented would have been equally impossible and unwise. It would have been impossible, because public feeling in Italy would have been violently opposed to joining England, and because Germany and Austria declined to allow Italy to make herself in any way prominent. It would have been unwise, because directly France knew that Italy was going to interfere in Egypt, she would have joined too; and the result of a joint interference of France and Italy must have been a quarrel, which Italy is as anxious to avoid as she is anxious to avoid all approach to an identification of Italian with French policy.

The reasons given by Signor MANCINI for the abstention of Italy are quite unanswerable. When a Minister speaks of the public feeling of the country he governs, foreigners can, as a rule, do nothing to check or confirm his statement. He must know the feelings of his countrymen much better than outsiders can pretend to know them. But in this case Englishmen have peculiar means of knowing that Signor MANCINI was perfectly right. From the outset of the expedition until Tel-el-Kebir put a stop to unfriendly criticism, England was the object of the wildest and coarsest abuse, detraction, and calumny from one end of Italy to the other. There was a hearty spontaneous outburst of jealousy, envy, and hatred. It soon died away; for the Italians, like the rest of mankind, are ready to forget and forgive in the presence of unquestionable success. But, while it lasted, the movement of Italian illwill towards England quite deserved to be called a national movement, and no prudent Minister could have pretended to ignore it. When Signor MANCINI says that, if Italy had gone to Egypt, France would have gone there too, it is impossible to prove that he is right, for he is speaking of what did not happen. But it is at least highly probable that France would have insisted on going to Egypt if Italy had joined England. Heartily sick of the costly and ill-managed Tunis expedition, and not ashamed of owning that the profit which Germany might derive from further French adventures needed serious consideration, France was willing to stand aloof when England interfered in Egypt, and to accept a position which most Frenchmen felt to be very humiliating. But it is difficult to believe that France would have looked on unmoved if she had seen Italy step into the position which she herself had abandoned. Probably it was partly because he considered a French expedition the necessary sequel of an Italian

expedition that Prince BISMARCK would not allow Italy to move. That Italy has to consult Germany and Austria is not so much the confession as the boast of Signor MANCINI. The real question on which the Italian Ministry asked the verdict of Parliament and the nation was not whether the Ministry did right in refusing to join England, but whether it is right in cleaving to the alliance with Germany and Austria. To understand what this alliance means and why it is so eagerly sought is to understand the present political position of Italy.

What chiefly hurt the feelings of those who criticized the Ministry was the reason given by General MENABREA to Lord GRANVILLE for the refusal of Italy. He very frankly said that it would be most inconvenient to Italy to send a corps d'armée to Egypt. It would need soldiers, and Italy had no soldiers to spare; and it would need money, and Italy had no money to spend. This confession was supposed to be humiliating to Italy, and the Ministry took refuge in the suggestion that General MENABREA must have been misunderstood by Lord GRANVILLE. But if it was humiliating, it was also perfectly true. General MENABREA did not of course mean that Italy could not get together thirty thousand men if she wanted them for any purpose of supreme necessity. But the Italian army is not the sort of army from which an expeditionary force can be easily collected. It need not cost Italians much to own this when they remember that the Tunis expedition threw the much more powerful army of France into utter confusion. As to money, when any representative of Italy says that Italy cannot afford to spend an extra shilling with a light heart, he is only saying what is notorious to all the world. Italy is not at all a rich country, and it has to strain every nerve to make both ends meet. The principal wealth of Italy is agricultural wealth, and a Consular Report recently presented to Parliament sufficiently shows how sad, how hard, and how discouraging is the lot of the Italian agriculturist. Nature has lately been as unkind to the Italian farmers as to farmers elsewhere, and the most wonderful thing in Italy is perhaps that she should have arrived at the day when her Budgets are habitually balanced. Italy is now on the eve of trying the great experiment for which she has long been anxiously preparing, of abolishing her paper currency; and an Egyptian expedition, if it had done nothing else, would have made the contemplated return to gold utterly impracticable. Italy, which can just get on if left alone, desires above all things to be left alone; and, to be left alone, it has sought the shelter of Austria and Germany. This necessarily involves the abandonment of vague schemes of national ambition. Italy must make it quite clear that she no more dreams of acquiring the Italian-speaking provinces of Austria than she dreams of acquiring Corsica or Malta. The policy which Signor MANCINI recommends to Italy is the policy of thinking of nothing outside Italy, and he was as emphatic in repudiating the notion that Italy wanted to interfere in Tripoli as he was in discarding the views of Italian ambition in Europe. Nor is this merely a question of foreign policy. It affects also the whole home policy of Italy. The enemies of Austria are now looked on as the enemies of the Government. They are mere anarchists, and the Government in self-defence is determined to put them down. This is very sensible, and Italy in her present altered circumstances has wisely entered on a new policy; but the great GARIBOLDI must be accounted happy in that he did not live to see the day when an Italian Minister would proclaim that to be an enemy of Austria was to be an enemy of Italy.

OUTRAGE AND EXPOSTULATION.

THE impatience of those who sigh for the time when, the Irish question being out of the way, the programme of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN or of Mr. LABOUCHÈRE may be uninterruptedly pursued, and the more reasonable desires of those who know that until the Irish question ceases to be prominent there is no chance of peace and prosperity for Ireland, have been equally disappointed by recent events. The explosion of Thursday week left no doubt as to its origin in the minds of any one but (apparently) Mr. EGAN and Mr. PARNELL. The imagination of the latter, which has fattered it on the friends of Mr. BRADLAUGH and the convict FOOTE, does not seem to have been received by Mr. PARNELL's friends in Paris—who

are mostly Freethinkers themselves, and who perhaps do not take it as a compliment—with the enthusiasm it deserved. The subsequent affair of Lady FLORENCE DIXIE has been made to assume something of the well-known relations of farce to tragedy; but it is difficult to say that this is altogether fair. A not unnatural and perhaps not unhealthy impatience of ladies who meddle in politics has joined with the absence of corroborating testimony to lessen the effect of Lady FLORENCE's story. But, if there has been no corroboration, there has been no valid contradiction; and the most enthusiastic partisans of Ireland will scarcely pretend that an attack on an obnoxious person would be impossible to the houghers and carders of the Land League because that person happened to be a woman. It is certain that Lady FLORENCE has made herself extremely obnoxious to Mr. EGAN, and that Mr. EGAN has hitherto been unwilling or unable to rebut her accusations in the very slightest degree. It is also certain that Mr. EGAN bears a bag which furnishes him with abundant means of persuasion, and the contents of which may tempt to exhibitions of spontaneous zeal those whom he does not directly persuade. The evidence on the matter is as yet too scanty to warrant a decided judgment; but the probabilities seem to be in favour of an actual attack from the quarter suspected, but made with the intention of frightening rather than of doing serious mischief. The matter however is, except to the persons immediately concerned, not of very great importance. It does not need to be fully explained to prove the readiness of the scoundrels who call themselves Irish patriots to commit the basest and most cowardly crimes. It would not, if it were proved to be a complete hallucination, interfere with the existence of evidence establishing that readiness a hundred times over.

A good deal of interest attaches to Mr. A. M. SULLIVAN's expostulation with the dynamite section of his party, which was not published till after the recent outrages, but which appears to have been written before. It is not destitute of eloquence—Mr. A. M. SULLIVAN's speeches and writings seldom are—and it is undeniably earnest. The extreme probability of himself or his friends suffering from this kind of war has made Mr. SULLIVAN speak from the heart. There is also much good sense in his demonstration of the calamitous results to Irishmen themselves of the dynamite crusade, even if they do not happen to be directly within the range of the operations of Mr. PARNELL's left wing. The retaliation which Mr. SULLIVAN fears in the way of dismissal of Irish men and Irish women from English employ would indeed be as stupid as it would be unfair. It would be an admission of that separatist view which the upholders of the unity of the Empire should do their utmost to discourage. It would directly aggravate the mischief, and it would to a certain feeble degree excuse the rejoinder of despair. But stupid things and wrong things are not improbable by reason of their wrongness and their stupidity. And if incidents like that of last week recur, Mr. SULLIVAN's fears may very possibly be partially realized. It is not, however, likely that his arguments will have the slightest effect on those to whom they are directly addressed. Mr. CROWE of Peoria, and Mr. PATRICK FORD of New York, not to say Mr. PATRICK EGAN, late of Dublin, Paris, London, and many other places which he has found inconvenient for residence, might very well reply, and will certainly think, that if Mr. SULLIVAN hopes to influence them by stating his own fears and the danger of other people he is very much mistaken. The consequences which Mr. SULLIVAN has put with much feeling and some logic are not consequences so obscure or so novel that they can have escaped the devisers of these outrages; they are not consequences which are at all likely to influence either them or their instruments. Mr. SULLIVAN proceeds on the possibly pardonable, but certainly erroneous, supposition that these persons have the good of Ireland and Irishmen at heart. They have nothing of the kind; and as long as Mr. SULLIVAN and others like him ignore the fact by keeping up, however remotely and respectfully, a kind of connexion with them, so long will their own protests and arguments be self-annulled and futile. Between Mr. A. M. SULLIVAN and the men who drove the knives into Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH and Mr. BURKE, or who lighted the fuse of the infernal machine last Thursday, there is no doubt a vast space, but there is not, properly speaking, any gap. The space is filled by innumerable shades of disaffection to the only possible Government—the Imperial

Government of Great Britain and Ireland—under which Ireland itself can enjoy prosperity or peace. Mr. SULLIVAN is at the head of this scale probably, and he is doubtless in immediate contact and sympathy only with persons who are but a little lower than himself; but those persons are in contact and sympathy with others who are lower still, and so it goes on until, by an unbroken chain of comradeship and mutual encouragement, the murderers and the fire-raisers themselves are reached. Except by utterly severing its connexion with the rest of this chain, no link of it can escape the current of pollution which traverses it. It is perfectly vain for the more respectable Land Leaguers and Home Rulers to lift up their voice against outrage while they maintain the principles on which outrage ultimately rests. What is still more vain is to assume, as Mr. SULLIVAN apparently does, that arguments from human misery will have the slightest effect on men who either act from greed and self-interest, or else are to all intents and purposes simple anarchists, without a constructive or benevolent idea in their heads and bent only on mischief and destruction.

It is as yet too early to judge whether the trial in connexion with the Patriotic Brotherhood at Belfast will throw much light on the ramifications of Irish conspiracy; but the proof of the oath "to murder" (it is not usually stated in so naked a form) would, as the counsel for the Crown justly remarked, show the existence of a state of demoralization than which nothing can be more abominable. There is also nothing, it may be taken for granted, which would be acknowledged as more abominable by Mr. A. M. SULLIVAN. But the point which Mr. A. M. SULLIVAN and other Irishmen like him always fail to consider is that, independently of the chain of connexion just indicated, they are responsible for such abominations in another way. It is in their hyperbolic and in intention very likely figurative description of the woes of Ireland in past times, in their highly-coloured denunciations of evictions and crowbar brigades, in their raking up of old-world stories, such as are unhappily to be found in the history of every nation, but which in almost every nation but Ireland have been wisely forgotten, that the first threads of the tissue of rhetorical delusion are twisted. No people are so easily blinded by that rhetorical delusion as the Irish; of that every Irishman is aware, contradictory as the statement may seem. It is not easy to overflatter an Irishman (the authority for this statement is Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P.); so also it is not easy to describe an Irishman's enemy, or one whom he fancies his enemy, in terms of too great blackness. When uneducated men are presented by priests and prelates of their Church and by laymen of respectable, if not very exalted, position and undoubted talent, with incessant pictures of Englishmen, landlords, tithe proctors, Protestants, or whatever the object of popular execration may be for the hour, as of fiends in human shape, it is not surprising that in the supposed conflict with these fiends they lose sight of all considerations of humanity and morality. Can Mr. SULLIVAN and others like him declare on their honour and conscience that they have never given a stroke to such pictures when they indulged in what Mr. BRIGHT amiably calls "the picturesque language of Irish orators"? No doubt much of the denunciation referred to is in motive and intention the merest "set-off to conversation." It is not meant by the speakers; it is not taken as meant by the more intelligent hearers. But the majority of the hearers are not intelligent, and they take it seriously, brood on it, and are inflamed by it to what they think to be retaliation. All this is of course obvious and hackneyed enough; but it seems never to have even suggested itself to Irishmen like Mr. SULLIVAN. It is well that they should protest against outrage and point out its consequences. It would be better if they would reflect how far their own actions and words in the past may be responsible for blinding and deceiving the "foul imaginary eyes of blood" through which the lower class of Irishmen look on deeds like those Mr. SULLIVAN denounces.

FRANCE AND MADAGASCAR.

THE unsatisfactory character of the Madagascar correspondence with the French Government is not the fault of Lord GRANVILLE. It is a commonplace truth that diplomacy, to be effective, must have force at its back; and it is unnecessary to say that no Englishman in

his senses would think of going to war with France in defence of Madagascar. It was nevertheless proper to call the attention of the French Government to the unjustifiable nature of pretensions which may seriously affect English interests. It was possible that courteous remonstrances might affect a policy which is perhaps still undetermined; and it may also have been prudent to place on record apprehensions which will probably hereafter be justified by experience. Lord GRANVILLE could not but foresee that the French Government would decline a discussion on its treatment of the Madagascar Envoys. M. DUCLERC even complained with unprovoked asperity of the words in which the good offices of England were tendered. The unfortunate Envoys, both before their departure from the island and on their arrival in Paris, had experience of more discourteous treatment. The French naval authorities placed obstacles in the way of their starting on their mission; and M. DUCLERC, not content with a peremptory rejection of their proposals, tendered to them the same kind of hospitality which was shown at Inverary to Captain DALGETTY as the emissary of MONTROSE. The Madagascar Ambassadors were indeed, owing to the softness of modern manners, not thrust into a dungeon, but they were imprisoned in their hotel. Both in London and at Washington they have since professed to be ignorant of certain concessions which they are supposed to have made during their unpleasant sojourn in Paris. Sympathy with their grievances implies no liability to assist them in obtaining redress. The establishment of the French Protectorate in Tunis furnishes a recent precedent of disapproval and also of acquiescence.

The new French policy, which seems to foreigners both unjust and imprudent, has lately been candidly explained by M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR. The withdrawal from aggressive enterprise which lasted for several years after the German war has, in the opinion of the FOREIGN MINISTER, produced an erroneous impression of the power and ambition of the Republic. It is desirable that the illusion should be dispelled; and, as it is neither expedient nor practicable to disturb the peace of Europe, the supremacy of France in outlying parts of the world must be proclaimed, and, if necessary, asserted by force. The annexation of Tunis was the first indication of revived activity; and the Government has now resolved on three or four simultaneous expeditions. A traveller who, at the expense and under the auspices of the King of the BELGIANS and a Geographical Association, followed the steps of STANLEY, is provided with a military escort and a supply of arms for the purpose of appropriating to France the sovereignty of a large and indefinite region between the Congo and the Eastern lakes. A larger force will shortly be despatched for the prosecution of conquests in Eastern Asia; and Madagascar is threatened with partial annexation and with a general protectorate. In addition to the simple motives avowed by M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, a policy of aggression is rendered popular by the hope that it will create new markets for French manufactures. In the last century English statesmen took advantage of European complications and wars to conquer West India islands with a view to commercial monopoly. A hundred years hence Continental politicians may perhaps have learned that it is as profitable to deal with independent communities as with subjects. If the unnecessary cost were the only objection to the system of establishing trade by territorial annexation, conquering Powers might be left to learn by experience their political and economical mistake. At present it happens that every extension of the area of civilization concerns the neighbours of France or of Russia as much as themselves. Whenever a great Power takes possession of a new country the commerce of England as the greatest trading nation receives a check. In Madagascar as elsewhere English commerce greatly exceeds that of France; and the injuries which would be inflicted on the natives by French conquest would be especially obnoxious to English feelings. The Protestant missionaries, who have had extraordinary success in reclaiming the islanders from barbarous habits, would under French dominion be subjected to persecution and probably to expulsion. The French Republic, which regards the Catholic clergy at home as inveterate enemies, is enthusiastically devoted to the spread of Catholicism by clerical agency in Syria, in Cochin-China, and in Madagascar. It is also probable that the slave-trade would be revived by the planters of Réunion in spite of French law and the remonstrances of England.

For these reasons it is not surprising that an Association

has been formed for the protection of the rights of the Government and people of Madagascar. The Committee of the Association, which includes many members of Parliament, have lately presented to Lord GRANVILLE a comprehensive statement, according to their view, of the case of Madagascar against the French Government. The other documents published in the Blue Book tend to confirm the accuracy of the narrative. The most dangerous pretension of the French Government is a claim to a protectorate over a territory in the north-west of the island, stretching indefinitely inland. The French title is derived not from the Government of Madagascar, but from certain insurgent chiefs who are said to have concluded treaties to that effect in 1840. In the interval of forty years no reference has been made to the supposed treaties, nor have they at any time been communicated to the English Government. The Queen of MADAGASCAR and her advisers of course deny the validity of the alleged cession; and as late as 1868 the French themselves have recognized the sovereignty of the central Government over the whole of the island. Another pretext for quarrel is the refusal of the Madagascar Government to allow the purchase of freehold rights to land by foreigners. Lord GRANVILLE has lately concluded an agreement with the Envoys, by which English subjects will be able to take leases for twenty-five years, with right of renewal for two similar terms in succession. The French, having a much smaller interest in the question, would probably be content to share in the arrangement but for the supposed necessity of calling general attention to the power and energy of the Republican Government. As usual, injured Frenchmen take the opportunity to secure pecuniary advantages to themselves; nor can any French official forget the precedent of M. ROUSTAN's patriotic activity and consequent promotion. In the present instance compensation is claimed by the Chancellor or legal adviser of the French Consulate. It is unfortunate for the people of Madagascar that an alleged legatee of a former landholder should occupy an official position in the French Consular service. It appears that many years ago a shipwrecked French sailor, having been rescued at some point of the coast, married a native wife, and acquired certain property. It is impossible to judge whether his nephew, the Chancellor of the Consulate, has a lawful claim to the succession; but any grievance which he may have suffered scarcely seems an adequate reason for war.

The statement of the Madagascar Association is both clear and instructive; but for the hardships which they recapitulate they have no remedy to provide. Lord GRANVILLE's courteous and well-considered attempts to interpose the good offices of England were summarily rejected; and on one occasion M. DUCLERC, who may perhaps be excused on the ground of his inexperience in diplomacy, took offence at a harmless phrase which he seems to have mistranslated. M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR may perhaps be less hasty; but his speech on the foreign policy of France renders it improbable that he will listen to conciliatory suggestions. The English Government cannot even use the arguments which are supplied by the Madagascar Association, as it claims no right to interfere for the protection of the unfortunate islanders. The injuries which are to be avenged by a popular war of conquest are of the same character with the complaints which in all ages have been preferred by the wolf against the lamb. The sufferer has taken the law into his own hands, and he will assuredly do himself ample justice. It is beyond the power of England to protect oppressed communities throughout the world; and the nation which is now threatened with an unjust war has no claims to protection but those which are shared by many partially civilized communities. It is true that the English commerce which may be injuriously affected is not inconsiderable. In addition to the direct trade with England round the Cape, there is another route by way of Zanzibar; and there is also a trade with Natal. The presence of the French in Madagascar might in certain contingencies menace the English possession of Mauritius. The risk of sectarian propagandism and of the slave-trade has already been noticed. It is for French statesmen to consider whether it is worth while, for insignificant and doubtful advantages, to alienate the good will of a Power which desires to cultivate the most friendly relations with France. M. FERRY and M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR are well aware that all the threatened enterprises which are to rehabilitate France are, for various reasons, distasteful to England. The removal

of a competent and impartial Governor of Syria has been accomplished for the purpose of asserting French influence over the Maronites. The expedition of M. DE BRAZZA is intended to establish a French commercial monopoly in the interior of Africa, and in the Far East French ambition is artificially stimulated in rivalry with England. All these undertakings are, like the annexation of Tunis, regarded with unconcealed complacency by the great Continental adversary of France. It seems injudicious to force England into a German alliance which might in any case offer considerable advantages. In 1870 English sympathy with the German cause was regarded with surprise as well as resentment in France. The victory of Germany has at least relieved England for ten or twelve years of the burden of watching French schemes of aggression in all parts of the world.

THE BANKRUPTCY BILL.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN must have been prepared to be satisfied with very little on Monday night if he could accept without considerable reservations the SOLICITOR-GENERAL's congratulations on the reception of his Bankruptcy Bill by the House of Commons. There was, no doubt, a very general agreement that something must be done. That has been the frame of mind of the House of Commons and the trading community towards the bankruptcy laws for more than half a century. Up to a certain point there was even a general agreement with the particular things which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN proposes to do. Even Mr. STANHOPE did not condemn the Bill as a whole. But the critics of the measure, though all of them found much to approve, attacked exactly that part of it which gives it its particular character. What distinguishes Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Bill from all others which have been brought forward of late years is the amount of official interference and control he proposes to introduce in the settlement of the affairs of bankrupts. His confidence in the efficiency of his Bill is based entirely on the fact that it provides for investigation of every bankrupt's affairs by an independent Government official. A bankruptcy should in his opinion be treated exactly like an explosion in a factory or a railway accident, as a calamity requiring the intervention of the State. There may be certain differences in detail, but the principle will be the same. Unless this view is accepted, he is convinced that any Bankruptcy Bill will prove a mere farce. But it was exactly the sections providing for this official intervention and control which were most generally attacked and most feebly defended on the second reading of the Bill. The critics were numerous, and were entitled to every consideration due to ability and technical knowledge. They dissented from the general principle involved, and criticized the details of the machinery provided to enforce it. If their views are accepted by the Grand Committee, the whole life and spirit will be taken out of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Bill. When the general principle of the Bill is under discussion in this way, the value of the details is a question of comparatively little importance. The interest of the debate lay in the arguments brought forward by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his supporters in defence of the contention that any investigations into bankruptcies must be official to be effectual, and in the counter arguments of the critics who maintain that what is required is a Bill to give more power to the creditors.

There is no reason to regret that Mr. STANHOPE's amendment, by which the House was asked to express unqualified disapproval of the proposed supervision by the Board of Trade, was not generally supported. It is manifest that something must be done to make the laws of bankruptcy more stringent, and a mere protest against a particular way of effecting a needed reform would practically result in allowing nothing to be done at all. It is certainly desirable to do as little as possible to encourage the already very vigorous growth of official interference, but the way to oppose it effectually is to bring forward an alternative measure of reform. As long as a Minister can point to a manifest abuse and has a plan for its correction by his department, he will have an easy victory if he is opposed only by the general but somewhat inert dislike of "officialism," limited or other. The impunity of fraudulent bankrupts and the present muddles in liquidations may be smaller evils than the excessive development of "officialism," but they are acutely felt, and the

increase of Government inspection is a thing to which we are becoming daily more accustomed. Any opposition to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's scheme for introducing a Board of Trade official into a great part of the commerce of the country which can hope to be effectual must be made on the lines of the Bill brought in by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, and indicated in his speech on Monday, which was by far the most telling criticism of the Ministerial measure. The real evil likely to be caused by the Bankruptcy Bill is that it will have a tendency to lighten the sense of responsibility in the creditor. As Mr. LEWIS pointed out, "the only Bankruptcy Bill which would satisfy the public was one providing that the debtor should pay 20s. in the pound, and, failing that, that the State should pay it for him." Mr. LEWIS's public is limited doubtless to the owners of bad debts; but it is after all largely for them that any Bankruptcy Bill is designed, and this one is a step towards giving them what they desire. The public which will have to find the 20s. in the pound when this commercial millennium is reached has interests of another kind. When the bankruptcy question is discussed it is almost uniformly looked at from the point of view of the creditor. We hear much of the reckless debtor, but comparatively little of those who recklessly lent him money or trusted him with goods. It is not desirable that bankruptcy should be treated as if it were always a mere misfortune; but neither is it well that the creditor should be encouraged to think that he also has not his share of responsibility. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Bill has undoubtedly that tendency. In the course of his speech he almost avowed his approval of a belief which he stated is common among the trading classes, that it is no more the creditor's business to recover his debts than to deliver his parcels or letters. To make the analogy complete, the State should be called upon to control the making of debts as it controls the nature of the parcels or letters it carries by the post. It is no doubt the case, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was careful to insist, that the task of realizing and dividing a bankrupt's estate will still be left to the creditors, though they will for the future work under the eye of a Government official; but all experience proves that when such a person is there the whole responsibility is left to him, and with it as much as possible of the work. As it is, creditors can scarcely be got to take trouble, and they will certainly not be more ready to do so when there is a paid servant of the public on the spot to control the liquidation, and over whom they have no power. For the initiative is to rest in reality with the Board of Trade official. That is a state of things which can scarcely fail to weaken the creditor's desire to bestir himself. Such a result is by no means to be wished. The stability of trade must always depend much less on the law than on the general sentiment of the business community. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK pointed out most forcibly that the present scandalous state of affairs is no proof that creditors are not able to look properly after their own interests, but only that the law does not give them the necessary power. The Bill which he himself introduced provided for doing this, and he will attempt to amend Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Bill in Committee in the same sense. It is useless to assert that creditors have shown that they cannot manage matters except under Government control as long as no one among them has the power to call for accounts or summon a meeting. A trustee may be removed by a general meeting of creditors, but the power is almost illusory as long as no one of the body has the power to call a meeting. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK proposes that the parties interested should be empowered to take these steps, and that the creditors should not be declared incapable of managing their own affairs till they have been supplied with the necessary powers and have not used them. While the members of the Grand Committee are still very manifestly ignorant as to how that body is to be worked, it would be rash to guess at its treatment of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Bill; but it would appear from the fact that Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's measure was read a second time, in spite of Ministerial opposition, that his views will find considerable support.

The details of the machinery provided for the official control are of comparatively little importance till it is settled how far any such control is to exist. But it reflects discredit on the Bill altogether that a quite inadequate staff is provided for the work which will have to be done. Sixty official receivers seem, as several speakers pointed out, much too few. The low figure at which he fixes the number of officers whom it will

be necessary to appoint probably indicates less the hopefulness of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE than his prudent resolution not to frighten the House of Commons. It is worthy of the attention of the commercial community that, whatever other effect the Bill may have, it will certainly put one more obstacle between the creditor and his money, by handing over the care of the bankrupt's assets to the Government. It would appear to be the intention of the Bill that all sums recovered should be forwarded to the Bank of England, which will certainly add one cause of delay in settlement which will act as a serious set-off to any benefits it may confer. Not less worthy of attention is the fact that this Bill, too, like a too famous predecessor, is a Bill of germs. The section which defines the debts which shall have the privilege of preference abolishes that of the landlord, and so at least makes an attack on the right of distraint. It is not desirable, though it has been much the practice of the present Ministry, that so large a question as this should be affected by a subordinate clause of a Bill dealing with quite another matter. It is also obvious that anything which affects the law of distraint must necessarily diminish the value of house property, and in as far as it does that, must defeat the object of the measure, by seriously damaging the interests of one important class of creditors. The point was insisted on in the course of Monday's debate, and will be one of many details of the Bill which attempts will be made to remedy in Committee.

THE LAST OF CHAMBERLAIN v. BOYD.

UNTIL the proceedings for contempt of Court against the *Times* and the *Observer* are disposed of, what is called the Reform Club case can hardly be said to have ended. It is even asserted by those who ought to know, that Mr. BOYD is not yet to be left in peace. But meanwhile the Lords Justices of Appeal have practically granted an injunction restraining the CHAMBERLAIN family from giving its proposed entertainment. That is not the precise legal form which the decision of Monday took, but that is what it comes to. An idle world greedy of gossip will, as far as this particular case goes, never know, at least through the law reports, what Mr. HERBERT CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. WALTER CHAMBERLAIN did or did not do, or were said to have done, or were not said to have done, at Melbourne, or at Adelaide, or at Kennaquhair. The benevolent intentions of the brothers have been frustrated, and they and the public have been put off with the jejune amusement of an argument on demurrer. It was probably a natural disappointment, joined to a generous desire to console the vanquished, which made Lord COLERIDGE and Lord Justice BRETT condemn Mr. BOYD's manner of defence. "Justification" would have been so much more amusing. Nevertheless, difficult as it may be granted to be to look at this remarkable case from any but the pure sporting point of view, it seems a little hard to quarrel with a man who finds himself defendant in an action which, had it come for trial, these judges themselves declare must have been stopped at once, for defending himself in the readiest way, and that recommended by his legal advisers. This, however, is a matter of no importance. That noble sportsman, Lord COLERIDGE, is no doubt indignant at the fox which had been unbagged being bagged again in this unceremonious manner, and especially at being made an instrument in the bagging. Many persons of unchastened disposition will no doubt sympathize with him. In the old days the members for Beverley used to provide a bull to be baited for the amusement of their constituents. The member for Birmingham, more generous, and with something of national sympathy in his soul, had provided a brace of brothers to be baited for the amusement of all England, Scotland, and Ireland. The fun has not come off; the public is baulked of its diversion. In these circumstances dissatisfaction is natural; and it is scarcely to be wondered at that even on the judicial Bench, though nobody disputed the law of the case, but one Judge should have been found to put the public business and welfare prominently forward.

However, there are crumbs of comfort. Even in the dry technicalities of the argument itself the cynic mind may delight in the spectacle of artful Lord Justice BOWEN luring the hapless counsel for the plaintiffs into saying "Just so" to the remarkable proposition

"A loss and the risk of a loss are the same." It is pleasant, too, to think of the curious consequences which would have logically followed from the admission of the principle to which Mr. Justice FIELD apparently gave his assent. For if A is to be exposed to an action for damages because something he did possibly influenced the members of the Reform Club in refusing to change their mode of election, surely B must be similarly liable for having endeavoured to induce the members to change that mode. All the people who had thought of putting up for the Reform Club, and had changed their minds (supposing the mode of election to have been changed), might have brought actions against Lord HARTINGTON and Lord GRANVILLE. The mind revels in these infinite possibilities of litigation. Nor are the initial absurdities of the case at all lessened by the curtailment of this new experiment in buckwashing. Although Datchet Mead has not been allowed a place in the Royal Courts of Justice, the attempts of certain persons to bring it there remain on record. The singular machinery which has been resorted to, first to force the doors of a certain building in Pall Mall, and then to take vengeance for the repulse of the storming party, has not been allowed to be exhibited in full working order, but it is still partly on exhibition. We have not the "epic head" in these days, and "The Siege of the Reform" is not likely to be written. But the capacities of the subject for serious or burlesque treatment are undeniable. Rapes of Locks and Buckets are nothing to it. Nor, as long as the incident is remembered at all, is it likely in the least to lose its interest. For that interest is not merely personal or connected with the accidents of political partisanship. The hunger and thirst after supposed social promotion and advantages; the intolerance of opposition which is wont to result from success of a certain kind; the naïf belief in the social omnipotence of lords accompanying a theoretical and political contempt of lordship; the smart and sting of the discovery that wirepulling will not effect everything; the uncalculating resort to the law under the influence of that smart and sting, are all extremely human—that is to say, they are infinitely amusing. It may even be said that all the best of the amusement has been enjoyed, and that only immoderate lovers of gossip will really weep very much over the interruption of the feast. Certainly no one but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's friends can have an interest in dissuading him from carrying out the almost incredible threat of continuing proceedings which has been referred to. But it is really of very small importance to any one what once happened or did not happen at Melbourne or at Adelaide; it is not of small importance that the great and inexhaustibly recreative museum of human folly has been enriched by such a capital example. For the future, it may be supposed, the friends of the CHAMBERLAIN family will refrain as carefully from alluding to a blackball as Sir PIERCE SHAFTON's well-wishers, when they understood the case, may be supposed to have refrained from alluding to a bodkin. But when Sir PIERCE "boasted high" the remedy, it is known, was found convenient and effectual. Certainly it will be a long time before any one recollects without a smile how the young Mr. CHAMBERLAIN did not keep the bridge (the classic *pons* on the way to the ballot-box) in what will soon be the days of old.

It would, however, be improper entirely to forget that there are really serious interests concerned in this ludicrous matter. The doctrine laid down by Lord Justice BOWEN explicitly, and implicitly by his colleagues, that an action which on the merits ought not to go on, cannot be too soon stopped by declining to allow endless litigation on technical points, is one of which "at this point of our legal history" the importance cannot be exaggerated. It is not merely the interest of the public now that there should be an end of litigation; it is its interest that as far as possible litigation should never have a beginning. As far as it was proper to do so while the matter was still undecided, the impolicy of encouraging tedious and costly law-suits on matters of mere personal sentiment and pique was urged long ago, and the surprise which was felt at the apparent ignoring of this by Mr. Justice FIELD, was equal (which is saying much) to the respect in which that learned Judge was and is held. Considering the vast pressure of business in the Law Courts, trifling with law cannot be too much discouraged; and, considering the enormous costliness of modern litigation, it is especially undesirable

to expose the independent exercise of social rights to the danger of a well-filled purse. With regard to the particular point, it is difficult to see how, if the action had been allowed to continue, and if it had been decided in favour of the plaintiffs, Clubs as at present constituted could have continued to exist. It is even doubtful whether, on the broad principle of the statement of claim, a man might not apply to the Courts for a mandamus to compel his next-door neighbour to ask him to dinner. Whether the practice which has grown up of referring disputes between actual members of a Club and their fellow-members or the authorities to the Courts of Law is consistent with the theory of club life may be questioned; but, if it be inconsistent, the inconsistency is unavoidable. If it had been decided that all the outside world has a cause of action in the existence, increase, or diminution of the chance of being elected, or the risk of not being elected, to one of these societies of gentlemen who meet together at their own free will and invite others to join them at their pleasure, the whole thing would have become in the French sense impossible. The doctrines of the CHAMBERLAIN family as to Clubs appear to be a kind of variation on the doctrines of certain Socialists as to land. The landlords hold land, we are told, in trust for the nation which does not hold it, and it would appear that the members of the Reform Club equally hold that institution in trust for the world at large. That these monstrous absurdities were never definitely faced by the plaintiffs in *CHAMBERLAIN v. BOYD* is very probable. They were piqued, and they turned on the piquer not more wisely than is usual in such cases. But, if the law had given them the remedy they sought, it could only have done it on general principles differing hardly, if at all, from those which have just been indicated.

THE CRIMINAL APPEAL BILL.

THE House of Commons separated for the Easter recess before there had been time to give a second reading to the Court of Criminal Appeal Bill. We are still therefore unacquainted with the reasons which will be alleged in its favour by the Law Officers of the Crown, and any criticisms made on its provisions must be taken as subject to such qualifications as may be supplied by fuller knowledge. There can be no question, however, as to the extent and importance of the change which it introduces into the administration of capital punishment, and, in days when the infliction of this punishment under any circumstances is persistently challenged, it is very necessary to ask whether the agitation is likely to be helped on by the success of the Bill. If it is, that would to our mind be an almost conclusive argument against its adoption. There is not a shadow of ground for doubting that death often acts as a deterrent to men who would be deterred by nothing else, while there is great reason to believe that society has suffered by the too complete dissociation of the ideas of vengeance and punishment.

If the Bill becomes law, a "defendant upon whom judgment of death has been pronounced" may, within seven days after judgment has been pronounced, appeal to a new Court consisting of not less than three or more than seven Judges of the High Court of Justice or of the Court of Appeal, and the Court must hear the appeal within twenty-one days after the defendant's statement has been sent to the proper officer. The third section of the Bill provides that the appeal may be made "on any ground whether of law or fact or of mixed law and fact arising in or out of his trial," and directs the Court in some cases to quash the indictment and the proceedings thereon; in other cases to direct a verdict of Not Guilty to be entered; in others to pass, or direct the Court in which the trial took place to pass, a new judgment; and in others to order a new trial. As regards the first three of the cases for which provision is here made the Bill is not open to objection. It will only do what is done already, and do it in a more regular and comprehensive way. Under the present procedure men are not hanged if "there was no jurisdiction in the grand jury to find the indictment or in the Court of trial to try the same"; or if "the indictment combined with the verdict does not disclose any crime in point of law"; or if "there was no evidence given at the trial proper to be submitted to the jury in proof of the crime charged in the indictment"; or if "in the case of a special verdict

"having been found the Court of trial came to a wrong conclusion on the effect of the verdict"; or if "the punishment awarded by the judgment was illegal." In all these cases the Bill merely effects an alteration of procedure, and we are quite willing to believe that the alteration is also an improvement. These, however, are all cases in which the Court of Appeal itself decides the points submitted to it. It is where the principle of a new trial is introduced that the expediency of the Bill becomes doubtful. A new trial may be ordered on any one of three grounds relating respectively to the verdict, the direction of the Court, or the conduct of the trial, while some comprehensive general words in the clause relating to the trial seem to include every other plea that can be suggested. The first ground is that the verdict "was against the weight of evidence, or was not founded on sufficient evidence, or that some of the defendant's evidence was improperly rejected, or some of the evidence for the Crown improperly received." The second ground refers to cases in which "the Court of trial misdirected the jury on a matter of law, or came to a wrong conclusion upon a question of law." The third embraces cases in which "there has been such a miscarriage of justice as to render it necessary in the interests of justice that a new trial should be had," either by reason of some "informality or irregularity in the trial, or some misconduct in the jury, or from any cause whatever." Many of these provisions again do but transfer to the Court of Criminal Appeal powers already possessed by some other body, and upon these nothing need be said. The really important, and indeed revolutionary, change is the direction to the Court to order a new trial whenever it is of opinion that "the verdict was against the weight of evidence or was not founded on sufficient evidence." Hitherto cases in which the verdict has been open to objection on either of these grounds have been dealt with by the Home Secretary, acting either on his own motion or at the suggestion of the judge who tried the case. In future, if the Bill passes, they will be dealt with by the Court of Criminal Appeal, acting at the suggestion of the prisoner. But, whereas the Home Secretary does not review the case unless there is some *prima facie* ground for distrusting the conclusion which has been arrived at on the trial, the Court of Criminal Appeal will have to review it under all circumstances. It is hardly conceivable that a man under sentence of death will not catch at what is at once a chance of escape and a certainty of delay. It must be a very morose or a very desponding prisoner who will not invoke the possibilities of a new trial when he can do so by simply sending in a statement of appeal. The result will be, therefore, that the ordinary procedure in capital cases will henceforth include a hearing before the Court of Criminal Appeal as well as before the Court of trial; while in some cases it will include in addition a second hearing before the Court of trial.

When the Bill comes before the House of Commons, it is to be hoped that this change will be most carefully considered in all its bearings. No doubt it is easy to raise objections to the present procedure in the Home Office. But the really important question is whether the new procedure is not open to far greater objections. Are there any miscarriages of justice—miscarriages, that is, which operate against the condemned person—that can be alleged against the existing system? We are well aware that there are occasional miscarriages of justice operating in favour of the condemned person; but is it not better to put up with these inevitable blots than to introduce the inevitable and customary delays belonging to a system of habitual appeals? Of course if it can be shown that, as things stand, men are hanged who ought not to be hanged, there is no more to be said. But, if the change is to be made simply to relieve the Home Secretary of a painful responsibility, or to remove an anomaly, or to give greater symmetry to our criminal procedure, Parliament will do well to look on the Bill with the gravest suspicion. Among the qualities with which it behoves us to invest capital punishment, so far as it is open to us to do so, two of the most valuable are certainty and swiftness. Every additional chance of escape given to the criminal is so much taken away from the deterrent force of the death penalty. Every week of delay interposed between the criminal and execution is so much taken away from any effect that his fate may have upon the minds of his companions. The creation of a Court of Criminal Appeal must do something in each of these direc-

tions. Every murderer will hope that the evidence produced against him will be doubtful enough to give him the benefit of two juries instead of one; and, however conclusive it may be against him, he can, by appealing, make himself sure of a month's respite, with just a possibility of something better. Added to this, the whole question of capital punishment will be constantly kept before the public. Nothing indisposes people to see men executed more than the knowledge that they have been kept in suspense between life and death until the last of a series of chances has gone against them. These arguments are, in our judgment, fatal to the Bill, except on the plea, which has not yet been set up, that the system it upsets sends innocent, or presumably innocent, men to the gallows. If it does, there is nothing more to be said. If it does not, we submit that these arguments ought to be answered before the Bill is read a second time.

CARLYLE AND EMERSON.

THE book of the Lamentations of Thomas Carlyle is by no means closed. Mr. Carlyle was the Philoctetes of the modern drama of life. His *ai ai* and his *ototot* were always sufficiently audible. They resound through the two volumes of his and Emerson's *Correspondence* (Chatto & Windus) which have been edited by Mr. Charles Eliot Norton. Mr. Norton has done his task well, allowing that the task needed to be done. He has permitted a few passages about living people to appear in print which might better have been consigned to the waste-paper basket of oblivion. But there is much less unkind talk about friends and enemies in these volumes than in Mr. Carlyle's *Reminiscences*. Many of the letters were written when the author was comparatively young. He always cherished a surly contempt of men at large, but in this *Correspondence* he seldom falls foul of men in particular. He wails a good deal, and complains of his indignation. He cries *Ay de mi*, and says that the world consists of blockheads. An impossibly dull set of so-called human beings did not at first appreciate *Sartor Resartus*. "Of him" (Fraser, the publisher) "no man has inquired for a *Sartor*; in his whole wonderful world of Tory Pamphleteers, Conservative Younger Brothers, Regent Street Loungers, Irish Jesuits, drunken Reporters, and miscellaneous unclean persons." Though neglect and failure made Mr. Carlyle pour forth floods of his strongest language, work and success gave him no pleasure, or, if he was pleased, hesitated to acknowledge the fact. He liked receiving kind letters, and plenty of praise from Mr. Emerson. He made for himself an ideal picture of "Western woods," in which he, Thomas Carlyle, was to "shoulder a rifle." He even thought of emigrating to America, and Emerson, with careful kindness, explained to him all the conditions of life there, and drew up a budget of expenses and revenue. But, if Carlyle was miserable in London, where he had friends, books, and social success, he would probably have gone mad in Boston among dreamers and doctrinaires. As for the woods and the rifle, the idea is absurd. Mr. Carlyle would have chopped his own toes off with the axe, and he was not the stuff out of which Leatherstockings are made. London was his proper home; work was his proper function; he lived in London, he worked at history, and yet he was not happy! What is the use of being a philosopher, of "having a word in you" (a word! a wilderness of words!), of being the one sane man among many millions of fools, if you can get no enjoyment out of existence?

There never yet was a philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.

Mr. Carlyle could endure nothing patiently. He was the most sensitive of Stoics, the most whining of all preachers of courage and endurance. It were better, as Achilles said in Hades, "to be the hireling of some lackland that had but little substance" than to be a philosopher of this miserable variety.

The main topics of Mr. Carlyle's letters in this collection are the emptiness of all things, the weariness of work, the ineffable blockheadism of mortals. Mr. Emerson's letters are full of kind optimism and of matters of business, "now fallen very dead," in the Cheyne Walk dialect. Mr. Emerson, who was not naturally fond of accounts, struggled manfully with pirates and booksellers, and lists of figures and customs of the trade. He succeeded in making a little money for the Prophet out of the countrymen of Paul Jones and other famous pirates. The Prophet was not ungrateful, but he was probably more pleased by American recognition than by American dollars. Among all his forms of contempt he had the noblest, and, like Salvador Rosa, was "a despiser of wealth." Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Emerson entertained for each other an affection which absence and many thousands of miles of salt-water probably made deeper and more permanent. Had Emerson lived in England, the two might have fallen apart, like Carlyle and Mill. In the American war they would almost certainly have quarrelled, owing to Mr. Carlyle's decided opinion about the proper treatment of "Sambo." But their friendship began in the most promising way. Fifty years ago Emerson made a pilgrimage from Concord to Craigenputtock. This could not but gratify unrecognized genius, genius living solitary and hungry, with no neighbour but one

Scotch minister. Then Emerson "disappeared in the blue," from which only his letters continued to come, letters full of affection, worship, and thoughtful care of Mr. Carlyle's interests.

We learn little from these letters about either Carlyle or Emerson which was not known before. Mr. Carlyle disparaged Socrates, and called Heine a blackguard. He did not even entertain a high opinion of Professor Blackie, "a frothy semi-confused disciple of mine and other men's . . . carries more sail than ballast." America, in Mr. Carlyle's mind, "is mainly a new Commercial England, with a fuller pantry—little more or less." Concerning "celebrity" he wrote, "This Mrs. Austin, who is half ruined by celebrity (of a kind) is the only woman I have seen not wholly ruined by it. Men, strong men, I have seen die of it, or go mad by it." Probably Mr. Carlyle was thinking of Irving. About the burning or tearing up of the *French Revolution*, Mr. Carlyle gave Mr. Emerson an account practically identical with that already published.

Mr. Carlyle's best qualities seemed to come out at the touch of death, when it drew near him or his friends. When Emerson's little boy died he wrote wisely and kindly on that eternal mystery and inexpressible sorrow of separation. On another occasion, the death of Emerson's brother, he delivered himself thus—more fancifully, but with much wisdom and truth:—

I do not tell you not to mourn; I mourn with you, and could wish all mourners the spirit you have in this sorrow. Oh, I know it well! Often enough in this noisy Inanity of a vision where we still linger, I say to myself, Perhaps thy Buried Ones are not far from thee, are with thee; they are in Eternity, which is a Now and Here! And yet Nature will have her right; Memory would feel desecrated if she could forget. Many times in the crowded din of the Living, some sight, some feature of a face, will recall to you the Loved Face; and in these tumbling streets you see the little silent Churchyard, the green grave that lies there so silent inexpressibly *near*. O, perhaps we shall all meet YONDER, and the tears be wiped from all eyes! One thing is no Perhaps: surely we shall all meet, if it be the will of the Maker of us. If it be not His will,—then is it not better so? Silence,—since in these days we have no speech! Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, in any day.

There is nothing in the long wail of the *Reminiscences* more pathetic than the few words about Mrs. Carlyle, written to Emerson from Mentone. In the mass of the correspondence very little of interest is said by Mr. Carlyle about his wife. The most interesting personal remarks in his correspondence are about Landor, Mr. Tennyson, and Thackeray. Nothing, naturally, is added to what Mr. Carlyle had to tell the world about Sterling. Of Landor it is written:—

We met first, some four years ago, on Cheyne Walk here: a tall, broad, burly man, with gray hair, and large, fierce-rolling eyes; of the most restless, impetuous vivacity, not to be held in by the most perfect breeding—expressing itself in high-coloured superlatives, indeed in reckless exaggeration, now and then in a dry sharp laugh not of sport but of mockery; a wild man, whom no extent of culture had been able to tame! His intellectual faculty seemed to me to be weak in proportion to his violence of temper: the judgment he gives about anything is more apt to be wrong than right,—as the inward whirlwind shows him this side or the other of the object; and *sides* of an object are all that he sees. He is not an original man; in most cases one but sighs over the spectacle of commonplace torn to rags. I find him painful as a writer; like a soul ever promising to take wing into the Æther, yet never doing it, ever splashing web-footed in the terrene mud, and only splashing the worse the more he strives!

Emerson's account of Landor, a more sympathetic view, is worth comparing with Carlyle's:—

I was introduced to the man Landor when I was in Florence, and he was very kind to me in answering a multitude of questions. His speech, I remember, was below his writing. I love the rich variety of his mind, his proud taste, his penetrating glances, and the poetic loftiness of his sentiment, which rises now and then to the meridian, though with the flight, I own, rather of a rocket than an orb, and terminated sometimes by a sudden tumble. I suspect you of very short and dashing reading in his books; and yet I should think you would like him,—both of you such glorious haters of cant.

"Innocent young Dickens" (1838) is "reserved for a questionable fate." "The great Wordsworth shall talk till you yourself pronounce him a bore. Southey's complexion is still healthy mahogany-brown, with a fleece of white hair, and eyes that seem running at full gallop." Macready was very gently handled by "True Thomas." "Mr. Macready's deserts to the English Drama are notable here to all the world; but his dignified, generous, and every-way honourable deportment in private life is known fully, I believe, only to a few friends." Mr. Carlyle goes on to say that Macready, "presiding over the most chaotic province of English things," is the one public man who dared to take his stand on what he understood to be "the truth." The description of Thackeray ends with the usual wail:—

He is a big fellow, soul and body; of many gifts and qualities (particularly in the Hogarth line, with a dash of Sterne superadded), of enormous appetite withal, and very uncertain and chaotic in all points except his outer breeding, which is fixed enough, and perfect according to the modern English style. I rather dread explosions in his history. A big, fierce, weeping, hungry man; not a strong one. *Ay de mi!*—But I must end, I must end.

Perhaps the most humorous note among all the letters is a post-script, "written in a tremulous hand by Carlyle himself" in 1871, after the break-up of the French Empire and the affair of the Commune:—

Did you ever hear of such a thing as this suicidal Finis of the French "Copper Captaincy"; gratuitous Attack on Germany, and ditto Blowing-up of Paris by its own hand! An event with meanings unspeakable,—deep as the *Abyss*.—

Beyond the slight references to celebrated people, it can hardly be said that the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson adds much

to what is already known of them and their opinions. Mr. Carlyle had expressed himself at such immense length, and in such a colloquial style, in all his many books, on all possible varieties of subjects, that there was really no more to be said. He himself, it may be imagined, would have been the first to declare these seven hundred pages of print superfluous, "a weariness to a world more than sufficiently weary, *Ay de mi!*" or words to that effect. The volumes may be skimmed or skipped, but it is a waste of time to read through all the notes about dodges for bawling pirates, all the booksellers' accounts, and much of the rest of the epistles. It was all very needful writing, at the moment, between the two friends; but, as we said, "it has fallen very dead to us," and could only be studied by the most inveterate of hero-worshippers. As to Mr. Carlyle's "perversities" of humour, Mr. Emerson gave the best account of these much-talked-of violences of manner:—

Meantime, I know well all your perversities, and give them a wide berth. They seriously annoy a great many worthy readers, nations of readers sometimes,—but I heap them all as style, and read them as I read Rabelais's gigantic humours which astonish in order to force attention, and by and by are seen to be the rhetoric of a highly virtuous gentleman who swears.

Mr. Carlyle certainly did, like his countryman the country writer, "swear at large." It is equally certain, however, that "his intentions were virtuous."

THE POPE AND ARCHBISHOP CROKE.

IT is a little curious to read in different columns of the same paper on Monday last the two following statements. In the first, under the heading of "Testimonial to Mr. Parnell," we are informed that "the Archbishop of Cashel (Dr. Croke), in writing to the *Freeman's Journal* enclosing 50*l.* for the Parnell Testimonial Fund, says that, when closed and given to the public in its complete form, the subscription-list will supply an admirable test as to who really belongs or does not belong just now to the Irish party." We will not pause here to ask the Archbishop whether the judicious use of dynamite supplies an equally admirable test, or whether he is prepared to acquit Mr. Parnell of all complicity with the Land League, or the Land League of all complicity with the recent exploits of "the Irish party" at Westminster. But we may venture to direct his attention to a later paragraph in the same journal which describes Mr. Parnell's arrival at Paris, and adds that "yesterday he paid visits to M. Clémenceau and M. Henri Rochefort, and remained the greater part of the day with them." M. Rochefort, the chosen friend and counsellor of the Archbishop's typical hero, is an avowed Communist, and, we believe, an avowed Atheist. There is an old proverb, *noscitur a sociis*, and this bosom friend of M. Henri Rochefort seems a strange *protégé* for a Roman Catholic Archbishop. It appears that both Dr. Croke and the primate Cardinal MacCabe, who is happily convalescent, have been summoned to Rome, and the Pope will thus have an opportunity of comparing their respective and very divergent estimates of the condition of things in Ireland and the merits of "the Irish party." Meanwhile, the well-known attitude of Leo XIII. towards civil government generally, and notably towards the English Government, compared with the equally notorious attitude of a considerable section at least of the Irish hierarchy and priesthood towards Fenianism, suggests certain questions which have a more than merely ephemeral interest.

What is the real nature and extent of the influence of the Roman See on the Irish hierarchy in political matters, and how has it usually been exercised? And what again is the character and extent of the influence exercised by the priesthood over the people? It used to be very common to lay the blame of Irish insubordination and Irish atrocities on the national religion, and to say it was the fault of Popery, priestly influence, the confessional, and the like. How far is this charge justified, and how comes religious influence to be exercised, if it is exercised, in Ireland in a direction so essentially irreligious and immoral? The solution must be an historical one. As regards the mind and will of the Roman See indeed, putting aside the stormy period of the Reformation, there can be little doubt that it has been and could hardly fail to be adverse on principle to revolutionary projects and ideas. Its instincts from the nature of the case are conservative, and it can have no real sympathy with enemies of the cause of order and authority. The late Pope was in many respects very differently minded from the present one, but it was no secret that he did not love the turbulent and unruly temper of his Irish flock, and that Cardinal Cullen was put over their heads for the express purpose of reducing the clergy, and through them the people, to a more orderly condition. He was an ignorant and narrow-minded Ultramontane, who had no appreciation of culture and was credited with a firm adherence to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy as alone consistent with orthodox belief. But he had strength of will and no lack of homely common sense. He did his utmost to Romanize the Irish clergy, in the sense of the Ultramontane reaction, but he also steadily discouraged, after his own fashion, political turbulence and crime. His present successor is a man unspeakably his superior in accomplishments, moderation, and soundness of judgment; it may perhaps be doubted whether he has the same iron wrist. That his estimate of "the Irish party" is that of all rational and impartial observers out of Ireland, not that professed by Dr. Croke, is well known, and known from his own lips;

but whether his power for good is as potent as his archiepiscopal brother of Cashel's power for evil is not equally clear. We suspect that a fallacy of fact underlies the attribution of Irish criminality to the religious influence of Popery. The Irish are not "Catholics first and Irishmen afterwards," but very much indeed the reverse. Their much-vaunted Catholicism is mainly a political accident.

The question, like many others, is really one of dates. Before the Reformation the name of "Catholic Ireland," by which she is fond of styling herself, and is often styled by admirers, would have sounded very like what grammarians call an *oxymoron*. Ireland of course was Catholic in the sense of belonging, like all other European nations at the time, to the great Western Church of which Rome was the centre; if the term is supposed to connote, as it does in the mouths of those who so employ it now, any special devotion to Rome, it was something more than inapplicable. An illustrious French statesman lately deceased is said to have called himself "a Papist, without being a Christian," by which he meant that he was on grounds of national policy a supporter of the temporal power of the Papacy. Ireland in ante-Reformation days was Catholic without being Popish; we will not exactly say that she is now Popish without being Catholic, but her Popery, like that of the late M. Thiers, is of the patriotic not the religious type. Irishmen never forgot that the potentate who handed over their country to England was a Pope as well as an Englishman, until England had quarrelled with the Pope, and loyalty to the Holy See could be made at once an instrument and a badge of disloyalty to their rulers. Adrian IV., to use Milman's words, "sanctioned the invasion on the ground of its advancing civilization and propagating a purer faith among the barbarous and ignorant people"; and there is in truth abundant contemporary evidence that an invasion which produced such results would have been the channel of blessings sorely needed. He also imposed on the conquered island a tribute of Peter's Pence, which would not, any more than the too candid reasons he assigned for its conquest, tend to endear his memory to the new subjects of the English Crown. It has been said that the purely national and secular spirit fostered by the Irish Parliament perished with its organ, and the Union thus created a "sectarianism, which has made Ireland one of the most priest-ridden nations in Europe." There may be some truth in this, but the sectarianism, which here means Romanism, is nearly three centuries older than the Union. It was from the first a form of antagonism to Protestant England, and Ireland has been "priest-ridden" in proportion as its priesthood would consent, as they too generally have consented, to become the tools of an anti-English propaganda, which has never shrunk from allying itself with Protestantism—or with atheism, for that matter—where such an alliance would serve its turn. And here we get a reply to our former question about the influence of the Irish priesthood over the people. It is considerable in guiding and stimulating the national sentiment, but almost powerless to thwart it. And that for two reasons. If the people are priest-ridden, it is in the sense of the Hebrew Prophet; "the prophets (i.e. the demagogues) prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and the people love to have it so." Should the priests refuse to take their cue from the prophets of "Irish ideas," their rule is at an end; the people do not love to have it so. When a Pastoral of Cardinal MacCabe's last year, enjoining in calm and measured language the ordinary duties of loyalty of subjects towards their Sovereign and obedience to law, was read out in his own cathedral, half the congregation testified their respect for their rulers in Church and State by walking out in the middle. And their apprehension of this treatment constitutes a strong temptation even to those who know better themselves—it is often more than hinted that Archbishop Croke, who is no fool or fanatic, is one of them—to swim with the stream, and thus continue to "bear rule." Nor is this all. The great body of the Irish priesthood, since the endowment of Maynooth, which guaranteed them a free education, have been increasingly drawn from a very low social class, and they naturally share the current prejudices as well as the ignorance and unreasoning violence of their fellows. It is commonly reported that a great number, perhaps the majority, of the parish priests and their curates are Fenians. This cannot of course mean that they are actually members of the Fenian organization, which, like all other Secret Societies, lies under the ban of the Church; not only can no priest himself belong to it, but he is bound, in theory at least—it would be interesting to learn how far the rule is strictly carried out in practice—to refuse the Sacraments to those who do. But it means that they are in thorough and hearty sympathy with Fenianism, and maintain intimate relations with men whom they must know or suspect to be actually Fenians. We mentioned some months ago the case, which had come to our knowledge on the best authority, of a leading ecclesiastic at Belfast who pooh-poohed the condemnation of evicted tenants for shooting their landlords as a quixotic attempt to enforce on mankind generally the highest standard of "Christian perfection"; as though abstinence from murder in such persons implied an ideal of heroic sanctity only attainable by the chosen few whom the Church considers worthy of canonization. No doubt he spoke his mind. He had learnt, like the bulk of his flock, to interpret the sixth commandment with a difference; he was an Irishman first, a priest and a preacher afterwards, and as an Irishman he thought killing no murder, when the victim was a bloated Saxon oppressor of his race.

To call such teaching characteristic of Romanism in its extremest and most Ultramontane form would of course be absurd. Ireland is not "priest-ridden" in the sense of having meekly accepted

from her priests an ethical code manufactured at Rome. On the contrary, just as Queen Elizabeth boasted that she "tuned the pulpits" of the Anglican Church, so not the Sovereign but the sovereign people has tuned the pulpits and confessionals of the national Church in Ireland after its own national type, which happens unfortunately to be a very objectionable one. The authority of Rome for a long time past has been steadily exerted in the cause of law and order, and in quiet times the bishops with their clergy are content to follow its lead. But in times of popular agitation the bishops either succumb to the pressure put upon them, or if, like Cardinal MacCabe, they have the principle and courage to hold their own, they cannot reckon on the allegiance of their clergy and still less of their flocks. When O'Connell ruled the Irish people it suited him to pose as a fervent Catholic, though his morals were certainly not conformed to "the standard of Christian perfection," and the colour of his orthodoxy was far from Ultramontane, for the priesthood were his active and obsequious lieutenants, and what Mr. Lecky calls "sectarianism" went hand in hand with what passes for patriotism in the Emerald Isle. But the sceptre of O'Connell has passed into the hands of a Protestant, who hobnobs with continental Atheists and Communists, and yet priests and bishops dare not, if they desired it, reject his rule. On the contrary an Archbishop comes forward to assure the public that loyalty to him is an admirable test of loyalty to Ireland. Irish bishops and archbishops are elected by the diocesan clergy, but Rome claims the right of overruling their vote, as was done in the appointment of Cardinal Cullen. It was a somewhat high-handed measure, and more in harmony with the general policy of Pius IX. than of Leo XIII., but if every see was filled with men like Cardinal MacCabe, it may be doubted whether much impression would be produced on the tone of the priesthood. The Irish are not a self-governing people; they require to be led by some one, and it would be much better they should be led by the Pope than by demagogues, but in point of fact they are not. Seven centuries have passed since Adrian IV. committed to England the task of civilizing this "barbarous and ignorant people," but neither England nor Rome can boast as yet of having successfully accomplished it.

AN EARLY ROMANTIC ON ROMANTICISM.

"SUDDENLY," says Dupuis in Alfred de Musset's *Dupuis et Cotonet*, "I think it was in 1828—we found out that there existed romantic poetry and classical poetry, romantic romances and classical romances, romantic odes and classical odes; in short, it seemed that even one solitary line taken by itself could be called romantic or classical according to the mood of its readers." A year later than Dupuis's discovery things were carried so far that there were not only romantic prose and classical prose, but even romantic medicine and classical medicine. This at least we are gravely assured of M. de Toreinx, who, in 1829, produced a little volume, published by L. Duveuil, Place de la Bourse, and called *Histoire du Romantisme en France*, a title a little startling to those of us who have been accustomed to date the Romantic Movement from 1830 or 1829. In the first two pages of his very curious little volume, M. de Toreinx said, "It was not an easy work nor the work of a day to bring Romanticism to the position that it now occupies. It has endured many struggles, encountered many dangers: *Multum ille et bello passus*. . . . Even in its childish days (and they certainly were childish) numerous enemies declared themselves against it. Serpents attacked it in its cradle as they did Hercules; there were MM. Dussault, Geoffroy, Hoffmann leagued against it. In spite of all they did, in spite of all the weight of authority brought to bear against it, it has lived and flourished; its hour of triumph has come, and who knows that in time it may not begin an offensive warfare on its own account?" Then M. de Toreinx went on to employ an argument which, at first sight, true Romantics will deplore, an argument exactly similar to one which has been largely used in political matters of late years. "Il est impossible dès aujourd'hui de passer pour homme d'esprit sans être romantique; et qui pourra consentir à passer pour un sot?" The context, however, shows that the words are written with a sarcastic intention which is not without ingenuity; it is to save members of what in later days has been known as "la haute gomme" from appearing imbecile or behind the age that M. de Toreinx has undertaken his task; from purely philanthropic motives he has arranged his facts as to the spread of Romanticism so that the idlest man of fashion may in an hour or less learn enough to show by means of a few well-chosen sentences that he at least is "up to" the latest movement in art and literature, and is not to be confounded with the herd of learned pedants. It was, M. de Toreinx goes on to tell his readers, in 1801 that the infant Romanticism was born. Chateaubriand was its father, and its swaddling-clothes were the five volumes of the *Génie du Christianisme*. "Since then," the author says, "it has often changed clothes"; but we must not forget its cradle wrappings. Mme. de Staël took it under her patronage and helped it on; then there was a time when its voice was drowned by the roar of artillery; and then the new style asserted itself again; and, before dealing with this period, M. de Toreinx devotes a chapter as short as some of the late Lord Lytton's to defining Romanticism, the task which completely overburdened the advocate's clerk in *Dupuis et Cotonet*. "Le savez-vous? le sais-

je? quelqu'un l'a-t-il jamais su?" he begins; and he ends some thirty lines later, having meanwhile cited Pascal and Racine as Romanticists, with "Les romantiques sont ceux qui, dans les arts, veulent autre chose que ce qui est."

The definition seems this time to have been given in all seriousness; and, if rightly taken, it is not a bad definition, when one remembers the time and the circumstances in which it was written. The tyranny of a particular stage custom, springing originally, as Musset has pointed out, from a merely frivolous piece of fashion, had become unendurable, and yet endured, in spite of the startling success of *Henri III. et sa Cour*, and in 1829, for all M. de Toreinx's brave words about the growth of Romanticism, the Romantic School had yet its way to make. In his fifth chapter, the chapter following the one in which he grappled with the impossibility of defining Romanticism, M. de Toreinx hits the blot of the classical pedantry with remarkable accuracy. Having set forth the classical arguments for the unities, he gives the reply of the Romanticists who ask if there is any marked mental difference between the French and the English and Germans. If they can take pleasure in following the fortunes of Hamlet or Egmont on the stage, does not that show that it is possible to find interest in a drama of which the action lasts several days and passes in various places? "Ce fait seul se trouve un argument sans réplique; puisque le docteur Gall est mort sans avoir découvert que les cerveaux anglais ou espagnols sont conformés autrement que les nôtres." But indeed, M. de Toreinx goes on to say, the whole classical argument is based on a mistake, on the false assumption that the spectator is really the dupe of the dramatist's artifices. "He is not carried as you choose to say, now to Rome, now to Pekin, but simply to the Rue Richelieu, where he takes a place in the boxes or the pit, to hiss or applaud according to the merits and effect of the performance." In the same way, the author justly observes, one may take great pleasure in looking at a fine picture without for a moment forgetting that it is after all only a picture. If one did forget this, one would be shocked at the want of motion in the figures. "In a word, the intellectual pleasure which we get from an imitation is derived from the very knowledge that it is an imitation." This criticism is, it seems to us, perfectly just, and a strong argument against that foolish "realism" of the modern stage against which Addison lifted up his voice in the days and in the pages of the *Spectator*. "A little skill in criticism," Addison wrote, "would inform us that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the same piece. If one would represent a wide champaign country filled with flocks and herds, it would be ridiculous to draw the country only upon the scenes, and to crowd several parts of the stage with sheep and oxen. This is joining together inconsistencies, and making the decorations partly real and partly imaginary." To return, however, to M. de Toreinx, he attacks the classicists point by point with singular skill and vigour, and then sums up the differences between the two schools. One paints generic, metaphysical beings, to which there is nothing really corresponding in nature; the other shows us individual men and women, such as we meet every day. The one makes each character speak the same language, a conventional language which no one in the world has ever used; the other tries to give to each character his or her fitting style. The one limits the action to twenty-four hours, and keeps it in one and the same place; the other prolongs it at will, and changes the scene as often as common sense demands it.

It is, however, in the latter part of his book, in his critical remarks on writers of the Romantic School, that the special attraction of M. de Toreinx's book is to be found. What he has to say about *Tom Jones*, the *Waverley Novels*, Maturin, Zschokke, Horace Smith, Cooper, Byron, Rossini, and others is full of interest; but this, for the present at least, we must leave untouched, and confine ourselves to saying something of his remarks on M. Victor Hugo. He calls him the "véritable type du romantisme," and excusing himself for dwelling at some length on his works, says:—"Un critique n'a pas toujours une si belle occasion de s'entourer de défauts et de beautés, de tableaux sublimes et de caricatures grotesques, de pensées grandes, hardies, aussi bien que de niaiseries." Then he goes to work. *Han d'Islande* he calls a monstrous production, and says that *Bug-Jargal* is not much better. There is a sort of poetic drunkenness in both of them. In 1826 came out a new set of Odes and Ballads, and these M. de Toreinx was pleased to approve almost unreservedly. *Cromwell*, he thought, up to the time when he was writing, the author's finest work, in spite of what he felt bound to describe as the extreme oddity of going back to the barbarisms of Shakespeare (this from an ardent Romanticist is good). Still, he found it a great work, and in the Romantic struggle it outweighed the complete failure of *Amy Robsart*, in which M. Victor Hugo was supposed to have had a hand. With *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné* M. de Toreinx would have nothing to do. He could not endure this unhandsome corpse coming betwixt the wind and his nobility, and he felt both sick and sorry when he remembered that M. Victor Hugo had imposed upon himself the revolting task of writing such a book. It is, he said, a horrible subject horribly treated, and as for its being true to nature, pray who can tell? This question, it must be admitted, is not too easily answered. The *Orientales* did not please M. de Toreinx much more than *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*. The book was written to his thinking at a time when the poet's head was completely turned by flattery, and when he had got to believe that his passing sensations and impressions were things of the utmost

importance to the world at large. The preface M. de Toreinx found ridiculous in the extreme, and he hoped M. Victor Hugo would soon get over his delusions. But he looked forward to the publication of *Notre-Dame-de-Paris*, expecting to find in it something better even than Walter Scott, because he thought M. Victor Hugo had more real force and would give less space to merely external detail.

AN ENTHRONIZATION IN 1504.

EVEN if some attempt has been made to restore the old formalities by which the Archbishop of Canterbury takes possession of his see, they cannot but appear as somewhat "maimed rites" when compared with the splendid functions in use before the Reformation. We are fortunately able to realize pretty clearly the ceremonies and rejoicings which took place at the enthronization of an Archbishop in those times by means of an elaborate description of such rejoicings and feasts, written probably by a monk in the priory of Christ Church, which is contained in a MS. preserved in the Bodleian Library. This account, dealing with the enthronization of William Warham in 1504, shows us a monastic and archiepiscopal *fête* at the period when the Church in England, and especially the regular clergy, had reached the highest pitch of material prosperity. The art of making land-owning profitable and a means of acquiring ready money was beginning to be known; and the abbays, though indulgent landlords, had led the way in letting land at a money rent. The abbays and bishops had never known greater wealth, and had never had easier means of spending their money than in the time immediately preceding the Reformation; for the love of luxury and magnificence which was developed by the Renaissance was beginning to take effect in England, and men were every day learning new wants and seeking new means of gratifying them. Considering how strongly these material influences affected the Church, we ought hardly to be surprised that what the writer of the MS. in the Bodleian has most to tell us about is not the spiritual function in the Cathedral, but the feasts in the great hall and little hall, how "my Lord's board" was served, and how the "Prior's board"; how many horses the Archbishop and Chamberlain brought into the town, and what the various "subtelties" were made to represent that were set on with each course.

The scribe writes his description chronologically, beginning with the day before the great feast, and ending with the account of moneys paid for the various entertainments. He first sets forth how the Duke of Buckingham was High Steward of the feast and Chief Butler, and how the Duke came into Canterbury "with an honourable company, with 200 horses, at eleven of the clock, and was received by the Lord Archbishop's officers at the Prior's gate." The scribe has no sooner conducted the Duke to his lodgings than he shows that love of good cheer so often ridiculed by the Puritan assailants of the monks, by telling us how dinner was at once served and exactly what there was for dinner. Eight dishes for the first course and eleven for the second, among which figure "tart melior" and "fryttor ammel." Indeed this amiable weakness is present all through, and by far the greater portion of the account is taken up with lists of the dishes served at the several boards. It would seem that almost immediately after this substantial dinner an equally substantial supper was served, in which the chief delicacy was perhaps a dish called "dulcet amber," a dish which, if it is not already known in æsthetic households, ought at once to become a favourite. The much-admired phrase, "eminent in amber," by a stretch of the imagination may be conceived as being bestowed by some gracious singer on a cook or wife who had prepared such a dish with more than usual success. The descriptions of the next day's ceremonies and banquets opens with a full list of the officers of the feast, numbering some hundred, with the names of those who filled them attached. The list is interesting, for in it names which now sound essentially noble are side by side in the inferior places with names distinctly plebeian in sound, and it points out once again how many of our noble families have their origin in the period of the Reformation. The first course at "my Lord's table" in the great hall was ushered in by a "warner, conveyed upon a rounde boorde of seven paynes with seven towers embattled and made with flowers, standing on every tower a Bedel in his habite with his staffe: and in the same boorde 1st the King sitting in Parliament with his Lords about him in their robes and St. William like an archbishop sitting on the right hand of the King, then the Chancellor of Oxford with other Doctors about him presented the said lord William kneeling in a Doctor's habite unto the King with his commend of virtue and cunning with these verses." Next follows how the Lord Archbishop, "sitting in the middle of the high boorde alone," was served—a ceremonial of great pomp, performed "1st by the Duke on horsebacke, 2nd by the Heraldes of armes, 3rd the Sewer, 4th the service, every dish in his order." There is something delightfully ceremonious in this last; it represents a complete hierarchy of the kitchen. "Every dish in his order"—the proud "florished Trench" before the humbler "Eels rost." After the Archbishop had finished this heavy and somewhat solitary repast of about twelve or fourteen dishes, he was served with ewer and surnappe. This seems to have highly delighted the relater by the dexterity with which it was performed. It does certainly sound something like a

conjuring trick. "When the surnappe was brought plucked to the board, one of the marshals without hands laying thereto drew it through the boorde with great curiositie after the old curtisie, and so the said Lord washed and said grace, and after this standing at the voyde the said L^d Archbishop was served with confertes, sugar-plate, fertes with other subtelties, with ipocras, and so departed to his chamber." Having thus got rid of the Archbishop, the narrator has full space to devote himself to the dishes served at the different boards, among which he enumerates the Archbishop's, the L^d Steward's, the Brethren's, the Knyghte's, the Mayor and City's, the Baron's, the Porter's, the Prior's, the Doctor's. Among a wilderness of good things the eye catches sight of "Linge in foyle, Conger in foyle, Ryme in latner sauce, Lampreys with galantine halibut, samon in foyle, custard planted, Frytter dolphin, Chynes of Samon broyled, Quinces pistr, Marchepayne, Leche florentine, Joly Amber, Frytter orange." To any one interested in mediæval cookery the full list will well repay perusal; it is to be found in Dugdale's *Monasticon*. The names show how much the cuisine of the middle ages consisted in made dishes. The use of joints only became general when forks were substituted for fingers in the reign of Elizabeth. Entrées could be eaten with the fingers. The full description of the various subtelties—set pieces in wax and sugar—which must many of them have been very pretty, would be beyond our present space, but one in particular may be noticed; it is described as follows:—"And in the third boorde a church and a choir with singing men in surplices, and doctors in their grey amises at a deske with a booke written and noted with the office of the mass, borne up and well garnished with angels." The list of expenses at the end, which includes a sum for sugar and wax for the subtelties, contains many curious items. The red wine cost 23*l.*; claret, 14*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*; white wine, 3*l.*; Malvesey, 4*l.* The prices of salt and fresh salmon, tench, cod, seals, "porpoces," pikes, and welkes are also set forth with the amounts consumed.

This curious document ends with an entry headed Memorandum, in which is contained an account of the famous visit of the Emperor Charles V. to Dover and Canterbury to meet Henry VIII. No reference is made to the political and diplomatic objects of the visit, which, had the divorce question never arisen, might have been most momentous. We are only told how the Emperor and King "rode under one canopy," and how Cardinal Wolsey rode before them "with the chiefest of the nobility of England and Spain," and how "on both sides of the streets stood all the clerks and priests that were within twenty miles of Canterbury with long censors, crosses, surplices, and copes of the richest, and so they rode still together under the canopy, and thence they went to be entertained by William Warham, the Archbishop, in his palace." In this entertainment William Warham seems to have sustained his reputation as a host. "In a great triumph made in the Great Hall," the Emperor danced with the Queen of England, the King of England with the Queen of Aragon, the Emperor's mother. It is curious to compare such feasts as these with the Court or other ceremonials such as we find at the end of the sixteenth century. The all-prevailing sense of classicism, so apparent in the later age, is quite wanting in the earlier. It is hardly to be wished that the present Primate should revive the feast, but we can conscientiously recommend those who are interested in fish dinners to induce the innkeepers of Greenwich to study the lists of fish set forth in the account of William Warham's Enthronization, in order that they may next summer be able to provide their customers with some startling novelties.

DISTRESS IN LEWIS.

THE speech on the subject of the destitution in the Highlands with which Dr. Cameron—he himself being witness—interposed between the House and its business on Tuesday night was in its way decidedly interesting. It was not that he had anything new or instructive to say. His facts were either true but old, or new and at best doubtful. But, although the substance was of no particular value, the style was worthy of some attention. It was an excellent example of the Radical philanthropist's idea of accuracy and courtesy. When a gentleman belonging to this remarkable party has a well-attested case of distress to comment on, he is found to act on two well-defined rules. Persons who have something to sell in some countries are in the habit of asking four times as much as they expect to get, from a belief that, if they do not, they will not obtain a fair price. Exactly in this way does the philanthropist who has a case of distress to bring before the public think it necessary to exaggerate indefinitely. He even seems to be convinced that it is almost commendable to do so merely with the object of showing the reality of his sympathy. His second rule of conduct is that the cause of the sufferers is only half defended if some third person is not attacked and accused of some form of misconduct. Dr. Cameron acted up to both these rules. He was not content with insisting on the well-proved fact that there is very great and real distress in the Western Islands, and that something must be done, and that quickly, to relieve it. He passed on to the mainland, and asserted in somewhat vague terms that the Highlands in general were not much better off. He took occasion to represent the cottier population of Sutherlandshire as on the verge of starvation, and, seeing his opening for the necessary personal accusation, hinted that the Duke who owns nearly all that county was showing

a culpable indifference to their sufferings. This had all the air of being a fancy picture, and, as a matter of fact, was promptly shown to be a gross exaggeration by Mr. Whitbread, who produced evidence to show that the Sutherlandshire cottiers were much better off than Dr. Cameron chose to represent them. Out of three hundred tenants of this class, two hundred and fifty can either buy seed for their harvest or get it on credit. The same witness was able to show that the Duke of Sutherland has also provided for alleviating the distress by giving work to some of the sufferers on a railway. The discussion set going by Dr. Cameron's speech was of no practical value, as the Government have already taken all the steps they think necessary, and are not disposed to change them. Mr. Macfarlane did some service by his complaint that the composition of the Commission appointed to inquire into the cause of the distress in the Hebrides was such as to deprive it of the confidence of the crofters. He showed indirectly what sort of Commission would satisfy the Parliamentary advocates of that class of small tenants. It would be one consisting entirely of gentlemen holding their views. Sir W. Harcourt was able to show that the Commission actually appointed will be able to serve a more useful purpose than getting up a Scotch Land League agitation. It is formed of men perfectly competent to find out the truth, and who will certainly be impartial.

Although the criticism was not to be expected from Dr. Cameron and his friends, it might well have been objected against the action of the Ministry that it was unnecessary to appoint any Commission at all. Distress and inquiries into the cause of distress are unfortunately no new things in the Western Islands. The facts are already perfectly well known, and the remedy has been repeatedly pointed out. To be sure, if we are to judge from the extraordinary fatuity of most of the comments made by the morning papers on the discussion of Tuesday night, the whole subject is new and surprising to the public. And yet the truth is particularly easy of access. No further back than in the February number of the *Nineteenth Century* the Duke of Argyll gave a sketch of the economical history of the Western Highlands and the Isles which should enable any one to decide for himself what is at the bottom of the present distress. The whole gist of the matter is given in two sentences of his article. "In Lewis the population, which at the beginning of this century stood at 9,168, has now mounted up to 25,487 in 1881. There are close upon 3,000 tenants trying to live on patches of soil worth less than 5*l.* of rent at the low rate of 5*s.* an acre." As long as such a state of things exists, distress is as sure to recur as the ebb and flow of the tides. And what the professed advocates of the cottier desire is that it should remain unchanged. The way in which this permanent wretchedness has been produced is well worthy of the attention of Land-law reformers. Much rhetoric has been expended on the history of the poorer Scotch clansmen, and not wholly without cause. Even Sir Walter Scott, whose sympathies were nowise democratic, could not speak of the way in which they were treated by their chiefs at the end of the last century and beginning of this without "visible overflowings of gall." But, in fact, it was the inevitable result of the course taken with the Highlands after the '45. The Government was very properly resolved to have no more rebellions, and no way was so effectual to effect that object as breaking down the tribal system. The means taken were doubtless as rough as they were efficient. The chief was recognized as landlord, and all ties except those of business severed between him and his clansmen as far as the law could do it. If the Highlands could have been taken in hand by the State as Bengal was by the East India Company some ten years later, the process of settling the country might have been made softer. But that was impossible. There was nothing for it but to put the whole kingdom on the same legal footing, and leave the chief and the clansmen to settle their differences between themselves by the higgling of the market. In the long run it was the best course for both, but it undoubtedly led to a great deal of hardship for the weaker party. Much, too, of the sufferings of the Highlanders was due to causes which had nothing to do with the nature of the tenure of land. The cessation of clan feuds, the introduction of the potato, and the great profits to be made by the manufacture of kelp, caused a sudden and excessive increase in the population which was only relieved by emigration on a great scale. After all changes the Highlands still support a larger population than before the '45 and in incomparably greater comfort. The landlords have wisely refused to allow an excess of population to exist on their estates, and the surplus has found its way to the colonies. If things had been allowed to follow the same course in Lewis there would probably be no more distress there than in Argyllshire. But, unfortunately, the spirit of philanthropy had its way there, with the usual result of producing misery ultimately. Sir James Mathison, with the most humane intentions, spent a great fortune in improving what could not be improved. The people were encouraged to cling to their land and have multiplied in it till they are half-pauperized. The cottiers belong to the unfortunate class whose ostensible means of support is a mere makeshift. They do not really depend on their farms, but on the fisheries, the chance of getting work on the mainland, and the vague hope that some other Sir James Mathison may come among them and spend 100,000*l.* on drainage. They are at the mercy of accidents, and can never form a reserve fund to fall back on in hard times.

There is only one way in which a population in this position can be effectually helped. It has been pointed out and insisted upon almost *ad nauseam*, but until it is generally accepted no

effectual remedy will be found. It is so obvious that it is scarcely necessary to name it. The surplus population of the island must be encouraged to emigrate. The efficiency of the remedy has been sufficiently demonstrated on the mainland, and we are suffering at the present moment so acutely from the total failure of other methods to improve the condition of the really poor in Ireland, that there ought really to be no doubt about the matter. As Colonel Nolan pointed out to the Ministry, the question of distress in Lewis is the Irish question over again. But, although we should manifestly have recourse to the remedy which was found effectual in the Highlands, it does not follow that it should be applied in the same way. Dr. Cameron acknowledged that a landlord could not be expected to deal with the distress of a whole county. Neither should the owners of land, as a class, be left to direct and organize the extensive emigration which has now become necessary. They should not be left to bear the expense; and a more serious objection is that they could not stand the strain of the odium which would now be excited by another general exodus caused by evictions and the pressure of poverty. The task is one for the State. Nobody would wish to see the Government take upon itself the whole work of organizing emigration, though it very properly regulates it to a certain extent. But in the present case the question is not whether the Government shall or shall not take upon itself the work of providing for the people of Lewis, and, we may add, of the West of Ireland. It must have them on its hands either as paupers or emigrants. For the moment it is easier to deal with them in the former character. The immediate difficulty can be tidied over and the future left to chance. But the choice would be as fatal as it is cowardly. The difficulty which is smoothed over to-day will only come up again within a very few years. And meanwhile the country will be burdened and fretted by a nursery of pauperism. Many sentimental appeals are made on behalf of the people of Lewis and the Western islands, generally on the ground that they supply an extraordinary number of men for the army and navy. We certainly cannot well afford to make recruiting for our fighting forces much more difficult than it is; but even recruits and bluejackets can be bought too dear. The pauperizing of a whole population is too much to pay for a few thousand of them. The fact that so many Islesmen enlist is itself a sufficient proof of their poverty. The Highlands were a nursery of soldiers as long as the inhabitants were starving. There is no probability that the people will decline to go if escape is made possible, and as little that any English colony would decline to take its share in providing for them. Canada is notoriously ready to give land and welcome to any body of promising emigrants. Irish members of Parliament, who have their own motives for not parting with the poor of Kerry, are not believed by anybody in or out of Ireland in his senses when they assert that the cottiers are unwilling to emigrate. The reports of charitable people who have undertaken to help intending emigrants as far as the funds at their disposal allow show that nothing is wanted to induce half the population to go except an intelligible Government scheme on a sufficiently large scale. The feeble Scotch echo of Irish raving is worthy of no attention. The difficulty has been played with, pottered over, and shirked long enough. What is wanted now is that it should be taken in hand with, say, half the thorough good will which the present Ministry has shown in elaborating schemes of spoliation.

M. SAINT-SAËNS'S NEW OPERA.

M. SAINT-SAËNS has, as our readers are probably aware, brought out his long-promised opera, which had been looked forward to with a somewhat indifferent curiosity rather than with any real interest. The Parisian press has, however, raised a cry of admiration, as is its wont on the appearance of any pretentious novelty—provided, of course, that it has been produced by a Frenchman. We can imagine the surprise with which English musicians who are familiar with M. Saint-Saëns's other works must have greeted the extravagant praises that have appeared, in some of which the writers have had the rare audacity to couple the composer's name with that of Mozart, a comparison which will only hold good in so far that M. Saint-Saëns has a predilection for the use of wind instruments. It is possible that M. Saint-Saëns may have been hampered by the inexpressible badness of the libretto; but this cannot altogether account for the tameness and want of energy of his music. At the conclusion of a rather graceful but uninteresting prelude, the curtain rises on the Duke of Norfolk and Don Gomez de Féria—who is substituted for the Capucius of Shakespeare's play, or the play attributed to Shakespeare. Don Gomez proceeds to indulge in conventional operatic ecstasies about Anne Boleyn, which Norfolk does his best to calm, letting fall certain disquieting hints concerning Henry VIII., whom he finally speaks of in a manner that reminds one of the passages in Mr. Greville's Diary in which he refers to George IV. We soon learn from a chorus of seigneurs that Buckingham is condemned to death; and now the King enters—and a very gloomy, savage ruffian the librettists and M. Saint-Saëns have made of him between them. From the beginning of the opera to the end he is like a tyrant in a miracle-play whose whole occupation is to cry in "Pilot's vois." The Queen soon enters, and the real action of the piece begins. The remainder of the first act is not wanting in skilful arrangement. The funeral

march of Buckingham and the chorus of monks passing while Henry VIII. makes love to Anne Boleyn are very effective, and seem to us to give a just measure of the composer's force. M. Saint-Saëns taken at his best is certainly a pleasing composer of music; he is never really original, but he has a certain command of harmony, and his orchestration, though never powerful, is always skilful. The second act is a dreary business, in which the music is as sadly conventional as the libretto. Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn drag on their wearisome loves and discuss the Queen's position:—

ANNE, avec éclat.
Que dites-vous là ?
Votre femme ?
HENRI.
Oui.
ANNE.
Parole vaine !
Et la reine ?
HENRI.
La reine alors n'est plus la reine,
Et la reine c'est toi !

This "doux entretien" is interrupted by Catherine, who is as dull in her anger as the others are in their love, and the act ends in a Scotch ballet of portentous wearisomeness. We have a "fou du roi," who struts and gesticulates in an absurd manner; we also have "des Irlandais"; but we only became aware of their existence by reading the *libretto*. The dancers wear little strips of tartan on the edges of their skirts, and by way of local colour we are treated to a ragged old piper. Let it be remembered that these things take place at Richmond. The ballet music is composed of Scotch airs, which are felt by their go and spirit to be a very welcome relief from the dreary monotony of the rest of the score. In the third act, after a short scene between the King and the Pope's Legate, we have the trial, at the end of which the divorce of Henry VIII. and Catherine is pronounced. Here M. Saint-Saëns has a high theme to deal with; but his treatment of it is disappointing in the extreme. For those who know the language of Paris, the following dialogue, overheard in the *entr'acte*, will be full of instruction:—"Monsieur, trouvez-vous que c'est de la musique? Dam! c'est un premier opéra. Monsieur Saint-Saëns h'm, h'm—oui, c'est intéressant, on peut dire que c'est de la musique." We might go far without meeting with a truer criticism. It is the misfortune of M. Saint-Saëns to have the technique of his profession at his fingers' ends, without any inspiration to back it up. The fourth act opens with the rehearsal of a dance, during which Anne Boleyn and Don Gomez try conclusions. The King suddenly enters and keeps up his character for brutal ferocity very finely. In the second scene of this act we have Anne at the feet of Catherine praying for mercy, Catherine having in her possession a compromising letter written by Anne Boleyn. The King and Don Gomez enter. Catherine burns the letter and falls dead:—

[Le roi, qui s'est dégagé avec fureur de l'étreinte d'Anne et contemple froidement le cadavre de Catherine:
Morte avec son secret ! Mais si le sort jamais
Le livre à ma fureur, la hache déformais !

With this very lame conclusion the opera ends. It will have been seen from our account of the action that there is very little scope for dramatic display in *Henri VIII.*; but, little as there is, M. Saint-Saëns has not made the most of it. In fact, it seems to us that he has shown throughout a sheer incapacity for writing dramatic music. He is admirably interpreted throughout, although the orchestra has a decided tendency to drag, and the leader seems to succumb to the soporific influence of the score before him. M. Lassalle's interpretation of Henry VIII. is beyond all praise; he succeeds in giving dignity to the grotesque, vulgar ruffian with whose impersonation he is charged. The occasional tendency to roughness and common effect of which he might have been accused formerly has disappeared, and he has shown himself to be an artist of the highest order in infusing life and passion into the heavy colourless melodies with which he has to deal. We shudder to think of the effect that this dreary opera would have upon the spectators but for the admirable support given to it by M. Lassalle and Mme. Kraus. By their valiant endeavours they supply an interest that would otherwise be lacking, and enable one to endure a work in which the last act is like the first, and both are dull. M. Lassalle had already shown in his masterly treatment of *Le Roi de Lahore* that he was a singer of no common order, and an actor possessing rare knowledge of stage effect; he has always possessed the art of knowing what to emphasize and what to let alone in the parts committed to his charge; but he has never before risen to the height which he attains in the creation of Henry VIII., and it is with real regret that we learn that he still persists in his project of leaving the operatic stage. His faultless declamation and magnificent voice can ill be spared. The tenderness and passion of his rendering of "Qui donc commande quand il aime?" in the first act could only be surpassed by M. Faure, who is probably the greatest of living operatic singers, and to whom we are eager to do justice on all occasions in the face of the foolish and unworthy criticisms which have from time to time been uttered against him sometimes in England and often, especially as regards one of his greatest parts, in France. It is difficult to pick out any salient points in a performance of such uniform excellence as that of M. Lassalle, but we may perhaps call attention to his remarkably fine interpretation

of the trial scene. Mme. Krauss was also at her best throughout; but for an occasional tendency to screaming, we should say that her performance was of a very high order; but the part of Catherine of Aragon is that of a tragedy queen with a vengeance, and Mme. Krauss has not been inspired by so true an artistic genius as that which has animated M. Lassalle. Even in the dismal love scene of the second act he contrives to be chivalrous and passionate, and he has known how to give an unbridled ferocity to the commonplace brutalities of the angry passages that occur in his part. Mlle. Richard may be sincerely congratulated on her charming performance of Anne Boleyn; she is perhaps a little wanting in strength, but she sings and acts with much taste and refinement. M. Dereims labours hard to make the character of Don Gomez interesting, and he cannot be blamed for not succeeding; the same may be said of M. Boudouresque, who is saddled with the impersonation of the Pope's Legate, which is probably the very dreariest character that has ever appeared upon the operatic stage. M. Gaspard is free from affectation, and shows some real capacity in the part of "Crammer, archevêque de Cantorbéry." The chorus is, on the whole, indifferent, and very lifeless.

It is pleasant to be able to speak in terms of absolute praise of one very important element in this work. The *mise en scène* is faultless throughout; the stage grouping is admirably managed, and the combinations of colour are particularly happy. There is no want of movement in any part of the stage, but the movement is always carefully subordinated to the main interest of the scene. The hall at Westminster Palace, in which the first act takes place, is one of the finest pieces of scenery we have ever come across, and is most skilfully worked out in all its details—nothing is overdone, and the effect is wonderfully harmonious and rich, being in every way widely different from the tawdry garish scene in the Louvre which was such a blot upon the revival of *Le Roi s'amuse* at the Théâtre Français. The scene of the second act in Richmond Park is very effective, but does not call for any special comment; it is indeed seriously interfered with by the silly arrangement of the dresses of the ballet. The "Salle du Parlement," magnificently hung with tapestry—in which the greater portion of the third act takes place—is very splendid, and may be almost said to surpass the scene of the first act, although the grouping is not quite so satisfactory. In the fourth act the scenery is of minor importance, and hardly merits description; it is well carried out, however, and the arrangement of the dancers and lookers-on is carefully contrived. It is characteristic of the ways of Frenchmen in regard to their dealings with things that are not French that, in spite of many visits to England, made with a view to historical accuracy of detail, the producers of *Henry VIII.* speak of Kimbolton Castle sometimes as "Kimbolth," and at others as "Kimbold." It will have been seen that we have "Crammer" for "Crammer," and we also have "Garter roi d'armes," who is looked upon, as it is easy to see from the text, by the librettists as a person bearing the name of Garter. To return to M. Saint-Saëns. The airs bear no further designation on the score than the number of the scenes in which they occur. This seems to us a needless affectation of so-called "Wagnerism" in a work which follows the inspiration of Verdi more closely than that of Wagner. The quatuor of the last act is in fact highly suggestive of Verdi, and is one of the most successful fragments of the opera, although it is far from showing any trace of the command of effect with which the Italian master has been so amply endowed. M. Saint-Saëns has also been manifestly influenced by M. Gounod, although not with any encouraging result. Monotony and inconsequence seem to us to be the two crying defects of M. Saint-Saëns's new work, and we doubt if it will ever take a permanent hold upon the operatic stage.

DISASTERS AT SEA.

THIS grim subject again thrusts itself into notice. The first month of the year ended with violent gales, and during the second there was a hurricane in the Atlantic, while furious storms raged on our coast. The present month has to a certain extent rivalled its predecessors in character; for, though the hurricane of unparalleled force which was predicted, and in which some sage people seem to have believed, did not come, there was, a few days before the date which its considerate inventor fixed for it so long beforehand, quite wind enough to drown sailors and fishermen and sink or injure a considerable number of vessels. "Wiggin's Storm," as it was called, was to have arrived on the 11th, which, as it happened, was a particularly fine day; but on the 5th, 6th, and 7th a gale from the north blew over the whole of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and did very great harm. Ashore and inland the damage done was considerable. At Whitstable, Sheerness, Yarmouth, Aldeburgh, and Whitby there were inundations from unusually high tides. At Canterbury one of the Cathedral buildings was injured, and at Reading an iron scaffolding was blown down. In some parts of Ireland the force of the wind caused great mischief. That a gale from the north which thus covered the whole country would work great havoc amongst shipping on the eastern coast and in the North Sea was obvious, and expectations of maritime disaster were entertained which proved to be only too well founded when the whole story of shipwreck and loss of life was told. Never, it is said, in the history of the Hull

fishing trade has there been a record of so much misfortune. According to the account given in the *Times*, three smacks foundered, one of them being actually broken up by a tremendous sea, and disappearing with all hands except the master, who was picked up by a vessel that happened to be close by. At least twelve fishing craft lost one or more of their crew; and altogether eighty vessels arrived at Hull in a damaged condition. At Great Yarmouth also a large number of injured coasters and fishing boats arrived; and parts of a vessel belonging to that place were washed ashore at Saltfleet. While small craft were thus lost and dismantled large ships were in great danger; and there was one disaster as terrible as the foundering of the *Kenmure Castle* in the Bay of Biscay on the 2nd of last month. From various accounts which have been published it appears that the screw steamer *Navarre* left Copenhagen on the 2nd inst. for Leith, with forty-four emigrants on board and a crew of twenty-one men, and that at Christiansund some Norwegians were embarked who brought the total number up to eighty-one. All went well until the night of the 5th, when a gale sprang up, which rapidly increased in force. The vessel, it is said, laboured heavily; and then of course in the description of her loss comes the usual story. At about 3 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday the 6th she shipped a tremendous sea, which carried away the greater part of her bulwarks, two of her boats, a portion of a deck-house, and a portion of the bridge. A large quantity of water found its way down below; the cargo shifted, and she got a considerable list to port. The vessel was now of course in a very dangerous condition, but she could still be steered; and, strange to say, she kept afloat during the whole day and during the night. On the Wednesday morning another heavy sea deluged the engine-room and put out the fires, and it became clear that the *Navarre* must shortly sink. A Dutch smack approached the wreck, but was apparently unable to render assistance. Some sailors launched a boat from the steamer and reached the smack in safety. Others attempted to follow their example, but the boat into which they got was capsized and all were drowned. Besides the Dutch craft, two English fishing-smacks, the *Sir Stafford Northcote* and the *Florence Louise*, had approached the steamer, the first-named having come very near. Just as she rounded to leeward of her, the *Navarre* went down stern foremost; and though the master of the smack, who behaved with admirable humanity and courage, made every possible effort to render aid, he was only able to rescue five people. One man was picked up by the other fishing vessel.

By this terrible disaster nearly seventy lives are supposed to have been lost, and it certainly should not be speedily forgotten, as such disasters too often are. With regard to the other loss of life caused by the gale there is not much to be said except that there would be less danger if there were more harbours of refuge, and this has been said many times, and repeated with emphasis quite lately. North Sea smacks are very good vessels of their kind, but every now and then the sea is too much for them. It would no doubt be better if they were larger, stronger, and much better found, but to make them what they might be would cost so much money that fishermen could not live by their trade. With regard to the foundering of the *Navarre* the case is different, as this catastrophe, like the loss of the *Kenmure Castle*, raises a question which urgently needs consideration. Why is it that modern merchant steamers do so badly in heavy seas, and why are they so often in grave danger or lost? The *Navarre*, it is true, was not a very large vessel, but she was quite large enough to weather out the gale, and, for that matter, the great ships seem to do but little better than the lesser ones when they meet with trying seas. To show this it is only necessary to refer to the accident to the *Servia*, of which we spoke at the beginning of the month. As we then said, when commenting on the misfortunes which befell her and other vessels, the steamer of the present day seems to have an extraordinary aptitude for taking a great quantity of water on deck. Usually it appears in the accounts of disaster either that a very heavy sea was shipped, or that, owing to a series of seas, a great deal of water had found its way below. In this respect the vessels now built seem to be much worse than the old sailing ships, which, though not faultless by any means, were much less given to taking great masses of water on deck than the steamers are. To what then is the bad behaviour of modern ships due? Some will say to bad designing, others to the practice of overloading. Probably both are right. In spite of the elaborate mathematics which are so pompously paraded by naval architects, they often seem to do their work worse than their humble but more practical predecessors did; and it is to be feared that overloading is very common. Two causes then, both of which could be and should be removed, may be thought to account for maritime disaster; but possibly they do not altogether account for recent disasters, which may have been in part due to another cause, which we will endeavour briefly to describe. A new method of handling steamers in a gale has recently been invented which, if persevered in with due steadfastness and energy, will probably send a large number of ships to the bottom. The old sailing vessel lay to under storm canvas in bad weather, taking the seas obliquely, and, when the ship was a good one and well handled, very rarely did a great mass of water sweep the decks. With steamers the practice has been to keep the ship head on to the sea; but with very long vessels this occasionally proves extremely difficult. Engines at full power are sometimes, it is said, necessary to keep steerage way and to prevent the ship falling off, and with engines at full power there is an increased chance of shipping a sea. Moreover, even with

full power on, a vessel may fall off in a really heavy gale. Such being the evils of the situation, some Radical captains—for Radicals are to be found even on board ship in these days—have proposed, following the approved method of thorough reformers, entirely to reverse the established order of things, and to present the stern instead of the bow to the seas in a gale. According to their view, which, with the full courage of their opinions, they have acted on, a vessel ought in a gale to be kept before the wind, or with the wind on the quarter, a sharp turn or two being given to the screw when a very heavy sea is coming. To discuss fully this new method of handling vessels, far more space than is now at our command would be required, and it would moreover be necessary to enter into nautical details which are not in the least interesting to the majority of readers. Those who wish to see the question carefully examined have only to turn to the current number of the *Nautical Magazine*, in which they will find a very well-written article on the subject. It is sufficient here to say that there are the gravest objections to the new plan, and in particular that an attempt to ride out the gale in the manner proposed is very likely to result in the rudder or steering gear being rendered useless—a mishap which is, to say the least, somewhat trying in a storm, and even when the storm is over. Whether the new plan has been tried with some of the steamers that have lately been injured or lost is a question that must suggest itself to all who have heard of the "stern-on" theory. Was it tried with the *Kenmure Castle*, for instance? Curiously enough, this point does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Rothery when he investigated the facts relating to the loss of that ship. He spoke severely of the weakness of the steering gear, but, so far as can be judged from the very meagre reports of his judgment which have appeared, he did not endeavour to ascertain whether the vessel was kept stem or stern on to the sea. If the latter course was adopted, it is easy to understand why the steering gear was injured, and also why so much water found its way into the vessel. In the case of the *Navarre* it seems that the sea which did her so much harm struck her while she was head to wind or on her course, but it is to be observed that after this misfortune the captain put the vessel before the wind, and that the survivors from the wreck apparently thought that he made matters worse by doing so. Of what happened in the case of other steamers which have sustained great damage in this year's gales, little seems to be at present known; but it is to be hoped that some efforts will be made to ascertain whether or not the officers in command of some of them resorted, when they found themselves in difficulties, to the new method. It may not possibly be found that in the attempt to avoid well-known dangers greater dangers have been incurred, and that the hasty adoption of a system which seems opposed to all the old traditions of seamanship has increased the loss of life and property at sea.

This certainly has been considerable lately, and it cannot be said that much progress seems to have been made in ensuring the safety of those who go afloat. It is, then, most pleasant to be able to refer to a really ingenious suggestion which has recently been made with a view to diminishing the chance, not indeed of foundering, but of a mishap quite as formidable as foundering—namely, collision. Owing to the difference in the relative position of the masthead and side-lights in different steamers, it is often extremely difficult to determine the exact position of a vessel seen at night, or the course she is steering. Her side-lights may be ten, or twenty, or fifty feet abaft her masthead-light, and diagrams are not needed to show how much confusion this uncertainty must lead to, and how difficult it must sometimes be for even the most practised man to know with any certainty what is the course of the vessel he is nearing. It has been suggested in the *Shipping Gazette* by Mr. Baden Powell, well known as a yachtsman, that many difficulties would be avoided if it were made obligatory to have the side-lights fixed exactly abreast of the foremast. This simple and practical proposal certainly seems the best that has yet been made with regard to a vexed question, and is decidedly better than the proposals which have been made for an elaborate arrangement of lights and for increasing their number. No long exposition is needed to show that a seaman will be better able to judge a vessel's course when he knows that masthead and side-lights are in the same plane, than when he is quite uncertain how far the side-lights are abaft, i.e. behind the light aloft.

THE FRENCH BUDGET.

THE Budget for 1884 laid by M. Tirard before the French Chamber of Deputies last week is only a partial statement of the finances for that year. The extraordinary expenditure is reserved until the result of the negotiations with the great Railway Companies is known. It is expected that the Companies will offer such terms to the Government as will induce the latter to undertake not to purchase the lines for a specified number of years; and the consideration which the Companies are expected to give for this undertaking includes, among other things, the completion by the Companies of a large part of the new railways which the State heretofore has intended to construct, and also the repayment by the Companies to the Government of the debt now due by the Companies for advances heretofore made under the guarantees of interest. If this arrangement is carried out, the Government will be able to reduce very largely its expenditure on public works, and at the same time it will

receive a sum of money which will place it in a position to redeem at least a part of its enormous floating debt. Accordingly M. Tirard has postponed for the present the Extraordinary Budget. The ordinary expenditure is estimated by him at a little over 124 millions sterling. It ought to be noted, however, that the ordinary Budget includes much of the expenditure of the departments and the communes, and consequently is not really to be compared with our own Budget. The statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer includes only the State expenditure of the United Kingdom; but the statement of the French Minister of Finance includes, not only the State expenditure of France, but much also of the Local Government expenditure. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the ordinary Budget is enormously heavy, and unfortunately it is rapidly increasing. It shows an increase, compared with the current year, of over two millions sterling; while, compared with 1876, it shows an increase of about 21 millions sterling. And what makes the matter more serious is that the revenue does not grow with corresponding rapidity. M. Tirard has, in fact, had great difficulty to balance the expenditure with the revenue. To cover the two millions additional expenditure he has first to take a portion of the surpluses remaining to him from past years. These surpluses have hitherto been regarded as part of the means of defraying the extraordinary expenditure, and as for a couple of years past surpluses have disappeared, it would seem all the more necessary that the small remainder of past surpluses should be carefully husbanded for the extraordinary expenditure. But M. Tirard is afraid to add to the taxation, and, having little hope that he will be Minister of Finance when the next Budget, or the next but one, is presented, he thinks it well to devote the sum in hand to remove part of his present difficulties. Another small part of the additional expenditure is to be covered by the estimated growth of the receipts next year. The Budget is based upon the actual receipts of last year, and in the course of two years it is reasonable to assume that there will be a growth of receipts corresponding with the growth of population and wealth. Twelve months ago M. Léon Say introduced the practice of allowing for this growth in the Budget, and his example is now followed by M. Tirard. But when these two resources are made use of there still remains a deficit of 1,400,000. And this large sum M. Tirard professes to cover by assuming that it will be furnished by the great Railway Companies. As the Railway Companies are expected to complete a large part of the new railways planned by the State, and likewise to provide the means for clearing off a large part of the floating debt, it is difficult to see how the railways can also furnish nearly a million and a half sterling to defray the expenditure of next year. But there is a still more serious objection—namely, that the repayment by the Railway Companies is really a repayment of capital, and that it is contrary to all the principles of sound finance to apply capital to defray current expenditure. In short, M. Tirard's statement as it stands must be taken to be an acknowledgment that the ordinary expenditure largely exceeds the ordinary income at the present time.

M. Tirard, no doubt, may hope that the check in the growth of the receipts is only temporary. It proceeds partly from the collapse of speculation, but chiefly from the long agricultural depression. The collapse of speculation will have only temporary effects. We are in this country familiar with the results of crises such as those of 1866 and 1873. We know that for a little time they are followed by a paralysis of credit, by a general slackness in business, and by a seeming falling-off in the prosperity of the country; but that, after a little while, thrift and industry make up for the losses that have been suffered, credit revives, and trade becomes better. It is highly probable, therefore, that the effects of the crisis which was marked by the failure of the Union Générale will have come to an end next year, and, although speculation may not again become rampant, trade probably will be fairly prosperous. And, with better trade, the revenue no doubt will grow. But the long-continued agricultural depression, and more particularly the phylloxera, is a more serious matter. If there should be a very good harvest this year, the position of the peasants no doubt would be improved, and there would be a consequent improvement in the revenue. But it is to be feared that the heavy rains of the autumn and winter render impossible a very good harvest, and that such a harvest as is now possible will hardly put the peasant proprietors in a position greatly to increase their household expenditure; while there is no prospect of a stoppage of the ravages of the phylloxera. The return of great elasticity to the revenue is therefore not probable. And it is consequently a very serious matter for France that its expenditure is increasing so rapidly. We stated above that, even compared with the current year, the estimated expenditure of next year shows an increase of over two millions sterling; that compared with 1876 it shows an increase of 21 millions, or over 20 per cent.; while, compared with 1869, the increase is 54 millions sterling, or not far short of 80 per cent. A comparison with 1869, however, is hardly fair, bearing in mind the disasters of the war with Germany and the Communist insurrection. But that the ordinary expenditure of France, in the course of eight years since 1876 of peace at home and abroad, should have increased 20 per cent. is a very serious matter, remembering how enormously heavy the expenditure already was, and how the revenue has become stationary. The phantom Ministries that succeed one another so rapidly have no authority to keep down expenditure; while the Chamber of Deputies is composed of new

men, with little experience of affairs, and with a credulous belief that there is no end to the resources of France. The Chamber naturally desires that much should be done in various directions at the same time; but it forgets that much cannot be done without large additional outlay, and that the outlay of the country is already so heavy that it is necessary to spare the taxpayer, if he is not to be entirely overburdened. A strong Government would resist this tendency on the part of the Chamber of Deputies; but a strong Government is at present impossible in France.

The rapid growth in the expenditure is mainly due to the public works. After the war it came to be clearly recognized by public opinion in France that the country had been beaten quite as much because of its backwardness in education and in commercial development as because of its want of military organization. Greatly as France exceeded Germany in wealth, it was inferior to Germany in means of communication and in political and commercial organization; and the effort of succeeding Governments has been to repair these defects. Unfortunately, however, these Governments have proceeded too rapidly. They have forgotten that, however necessary a thing may be, it is possible to pay too much for it. And while France is so heavily burdened as she is at present, it would be wiser to proceed more leisurely, and to exhibit more consideration for the taxpayer. Accordingly, the debt is constantly growing in order to carry out great public works, and the growth of debt means, of course, a large additional outlay in the shape of interest. Education, moreover, is costing a great deal. In one sense a country can hardly pay too much for educating its people; but the growth of the Educational Budget in France is so rapid that it is exciting anxiety in the minds even of the most ardent educationists. A worse evil than any yet mentioned is the waste that is going on in all directions. M. Léon Say pointed out last year how the feeble Ministries that succeed one another, in their desire to gain a little temporary popularity, fail to enforce the collection of the taxes, and that at the same time they are too willingly drawn into local jobs. In another way, too, the finances are wasted grievously. Ministers succeed one another so rapidly that one of their first cares on getting into power is to provide for their friends. They have therefore increased officialism in France out of all proportion. A Report laid before the Chamber of Deputies some months ago shows that, whereas a little while ago each Minister had but a private secretary, he has now in addition to his private secretary an under-secretary, a *chef adjoint*, and a number of other subordinates; and what has thus been done in the immediate office of each Minister has been done even on a larger scale in the lower ranks of officialism. In fact, the official army in France has been growing so enormously of late that it is eating up the resources of the country. And little pains are taken to ensure that the new persons appointed shall be competent for their work, or even that they shall have any work to do. The great object seems to be that each Minister before retiring shall provide for all his immediate dependents. If this can be done in no other way, then offices are invented for the sake of providing for them. In the meantime, the embarrassments of the Government have compelled it to incur an enormous floating debt. Twelve months ago M. Léon Say found this floating debt so unmanageable that he made provision for funding 48 millions sterling of it in the shape of Terminable Annuities, and he began negotiating with the great Railway Companies in order to obtain the means of paying off another portion, and also for the purpose of shifting from the State to the Companies the burden of completing most of the contemplated new railways. The negotiations were broken off by his successor; but the new Ministry has resumed them, and it is hoped that now at last the Government will be able to enter into a convention with the Railway Companies. It may be doubted whether the Companies have the means of doing all this. Certainly they cannot do it without borrowing money. But, even if they have the means, it seems certain that the Government must issue before long a loan for 40 or 50 millions sterling. At present it is impossible to do this because of the paralysis of credit, but as soon as credit revives a great loan is inevitable. If this loan were once placed, and if at the same time the Railway Companies could be induced to take off the hands of the State the construction of most of the contemplated railways, the finances of France might be put in a more satisfactory condition. At present they are certainly in a condition which may well cause uneasiness to all reflecting Frenchmen.

THE THEATRES.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S play, *Storm-Benten*, produced at the Adelphi, is certainly not an improvement upon the novel with which it is connected. The novel was full of pretentious bombast; but at least it hung together and had a consistent idea running through it. It was spun out and wearisome; but it was not, as the play is, without any reasonable idea at the back of it. The notion of the novel, that of a "lodged hate" of one man for another—a hate for which there are good reasons—being overcome and changed in circumstances of an extraordinarily romantic and picturesque character, is one which does not seem at first sight well suited for a play; and the author has, as a matter of fact, retained what picturesque element the novel had only in the stage

carpentry of an Arctic scene. From the characters of the play it disappears altogether. Orchardson, the villain, who is "an out-and-outer" if ever there was one, comes back in the last act converted into quite a good boy—for no apparent reason—on the best terms with Christian Christianson, ready to marry the girl he had seduced and to hand over Priscilla Sefton to his new friend Christian. Christian and he have had a somewhat dreary time of it before on the ice—indeed the scene rather reminds one of the old saying, "You and a panorama," so little of dramatic action is there to so much of scenery. The play altogether, with its inadequate plot, its insufficient dramatic movement, its feeble attempts at comic relief, and its brave words, recalls in some respects the melodrama of the old school, the school of *The Lone Hut*; but unluckily it wants the complete simplicity which makes that school of drama so charming. As a triumph of the scene-painter's and stage-carpenter's art the breaking up of the ice-floe in the third act is remarkable. Mr. Warner appears as Christian Christianson. The part is a monotonous one, and the actor's many performances of Coupeau have not perhaps helped to give variety to his style and intonation. His fine temperament carries him through the delivery of the oath with a rush which certainly makes a strong impression; but we note with regret that he pays no sort of attention to the phrasing of the speech. It does not seem to occur to him that there is any reason for taking breath at one point more than at another. Mr. Warner's voice is equal to many demands; but we must hope for his sake and ours that he will not continue to impose upon it such strains as this. Miss Amy Roselle has a poor part as Kate Christianson, and makes of it as much as can be made. Mr. Barnes plays the villain with a steady coolness which emphasizes the absurdity of his sudden conversion. Mr. Beerbohm Tree plays an imbecile part—that of a kind of half-witted shepherd—in a conventional and unamusing fashion. Of the excellence of Mr. W. R. Beverley's scenery we have already spoken.

Mr. Burnand's three-act burlesque, *Blue Beard; or, the Hazard of the Dye*, produced at the Gaiety Theatre, is a very decided improvement upon much that has gone before it. It has a clear and well-defined story; the dialogue is telling and to the point; there are plenty of ideas in the piece; the familiar music is capably chosen, and the new music capably suited to its purpose. In fine, the piece is something like a play, instead of being a mere collection of scenes strung together to make opportunities for dancing and singing. As may be guessed from the alternative title, the author has introduced a variant upon the catastrophe of the Blue Chamber; and this is not perhaps the strongest point in his piece, though it gives him an opportunity for some ingenious punning in the description of the mysterious chamber's contents:—

Hair-powder for a hair gun, hares for killing,
Machine for cutting hairs off with a shilling,

and so forth. Another example of punning of the legitimate sort is found in the first act:—

Anne. I told you always to wear gloves.

Lili. I will.

I left six pairs of kids upon the hill.

Anne. I ordered gants de Suède.

Lili. And I obeyed you.

But don't let me from wearing gants dissuade you.

Miss E. Farren plays Blue Beard with unflinching liveliness, and sings the song "My Boy!" with great cleverness and effect. Miss Kate Vaughan plays Lili. Miss Vaughan has long been known as a beautiful dancer; she now appears also as an artistic actress and singer, and in the course of the piece she gives a very clever momentary sketch of some of the peculiarities of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's style. Mr. Terry is provided in Petipois with a part full of opportunities for true burlesque acting, of all of which he seems either unable or unwilling to avail himself. Neglecting chance after chance for producing a comic effect in an artistic fashion, he goes through the part with a hard dry buffoonery which is unintelligent and monotonous. The smaller parts are well played, and in one of them Mr. Henley makes a decided hit by an imitation of Mr. Irving, which is given with just that light quick touch without which such a thing has no claim to existence.

Interest naturally attaches to the closing performances of *Caste* at the Haymarket Theatre. In certain respects the performance of the present company has improved by repetition. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft indeed, as Captain Hawtree and Polly, may be said almost to defy improvement. Hawtree is, as we have before had occasion to say, a distinct impersonation which is as good as practised skill can make it, while Polly Eccles is just the half-comic, half-pathetic person that she has always been in Mrs. Bancroft's hands. Mrs. Stirling's strikingly fine playing of the Marquise has, if anything, gained as time has gone on; but here too there was really hardly any room for improvement. One or two especially admirable points in her acting may be referred to, such as her whole expression and bearing when George first introduces Esther, whom she has taken for a very different sort of person, as his wife; her look at Eccles and Gerridge; and—perhaps the finest touch in a remarkable piece of acting—her speech to her son, "I may never see you again; I am old; you are going into battle." The pathetic dignity of this might alone mark Mrs. Stirling's rendering of the part as the work of a great actress. Miss Gerard has, we think, improved her Esther by toning down a tendency to take it into the regions of melodrama; and Mr. Brookfield has got a firmer grip on his excellently invented Gerridge, certainly the most original and we are disposed to think the truest Gerridge that has

been seen. Mr. David James, unluckily, has not improved his rendering of Eccles. Repetition seems to have led him, as it too often leads clever actors, into extravagance throughout, and his silent scene with the pipe is now dragged out to a dangerous length.

REVIEWS.

JOCOSERIA.*

SOME of the poems in Mr. Browning's last volume are open to criticism; but, like all his writings, they are thoroughly original in choice of subjects, in treatment, and in style. It may be thought an ambiguous form of praise to say that there is not a line which could have been written by any one but himself. It is highly satisfactory to find that after a poetical career which extends over nearly fifty years Mr. Browning's characteristic vigour is in no degree abated. Some part of his deep, if not wide, popularity is undoubtedly owing to the enigmatic method which is closely connected with his habitual study of moral or intellectual complications and paradoxes. Complacency in the successful solution of a riddle facilitates appreciation of the imaginative skill with which it has been constructed. A careful and experienced student of Mr. Browning's poetry can almost always ascertain his meaning, feeling meanwhile a just confidence that the result will be well worth the labour which it has cost. It is not known whether the odd Society which was formed to interpret Mr. Browning still maintains its existence. It may perhaps, notwithstanding the whimsical nature of the project, have served as a symbol of the special attraction which he exercises over minds in which the receptive faculty bears a certain relation to his genius. Possibly some of his admirers may find pleasure in gratuitous deviation into familiarity or doggerel. If the word "Jocoseria" were legitimately formed, it would express with some degree of accuracy the gravely playful element which is to be found in all Mr. Browning's poems, and especially in those of the last ten years. It may be added, at the risk of provoking contempt on the part of the author, that there is no humour in putting into the mouth of the Queen of Sheba such a phrase as, "Construe, or *vulgo* construe." He might even have omitted the address to Solomon which invites an absurd rhyme, as "World's marvel, and well-nigh monster." If it was expedient to retain for the subject of a long and abstruse poem the uncouth name of Jochanan Hakkadosh, the final syllable need not have been placed at the end of a line. The inevitable consequence is the insertion of the inelegant ejaculation, "Scoffer, spare thy bosh!" The word may possibly be admissible in Persian literature; but it is neither graceful nor English. Fortunately there are not many instances of similarly barbarous jingle. A little skit at the profanity of critics receives the title of "Pambo," that it may rhyme with one Latin and one French word:—

Brother, brother, I share the blame,
Arcades sumus ambo!
Darkling I keep my sunrise-aim,
Lack not the critic's flambeau,
And look to my ways, yet, much the same,
Offend with my tongue—like Pambo!

Little slips of the tongue, especially when they are intentional, are not worth defending. The critic's *flambeau* does no disservice to the poet in throwing occasional light on passages which are not absolutely transparent. In one instance Mr. Browning himself has thought that the poem on Jochanan requires an illustrative note; but, as he has thought fit to use the Hebrew language and character, it is possible that some of his readers may be little the better for his considerate assistance.

The pleasant little poem of "Solomon and Balkis" is constructed with unusual simplicity and neatness. There is nothing to resent in a gentle satire on human nature as represented by the wisest of men and the most intellectual of queens. It was to talk "solely of things sublime" that the Queen of Sheba

has sought Mount Zion,
Climbed the six golden steps, and sat betwixt lion and lion.

She asks whom a perfectly wise monarch would welcome as a guest; and he tells her that artists, such as poets, painters, or sculptors, are his brethren and his equals. To the same question Balkis replies, with an air of superior virtue, that the good are ever above the wise; but at the moment of her answer the stone in Solomon's ring, which compels those who see it to speak the truth, is casually turned towards the complacent pair. Solomon immediately qualifies his boast by the admission that his favour is bestowed only on architects of his own temples and painters of his own portrait. The Queen in her turn with compulsory candour explains that the good whom she values must be "young men, tall, straight, and proper." After an elaborate disquisition on things in general, Solomon asks the Queen whether she really came to see him who is reputed sage; but the truth-compelling gem has not yet discontinued its operations, and she answers plainly:—

On high, be communion with Mind, there, Body concerns not Balkis:
Down here,—do I make too bold? Sage Solomon,—one fool's small kiss!

In such a composition burlesque rhymes are less intolerable than in more ambitious poems.

"Ixion," a poem in accentuated hexameters and pentameters, is written in a more serious spirit, and in spite of the impracticable

metre it will reward the attention which it requires. It seems that the old fable has for the time had some special attraction for Mr. Browning. Besides the monologue which is delivered in Hades, two allusions are made to the story of Ixion by personages so unlike as Christina of Sweden and "Eximious Jochanan Ben Sabbathai." The ex-Queen singles out, as typical of herself and her design, a picture in the gallery at Fontainebleau of Juno striking Ixion. The old Rabbi compares his own failures to the embrace by that "old giant, feigned of fools—of air, not solid flesh." In the principal poem Ixion, still bound on his wheel, assumes towards the gods who had encouraged and punished him the lofty attitude of Prometheus:—

Out of the wreck I rise—past Zeus to the Potency o'er him?
I—to have hailed him my friend! I—to have clasped her—my love!
Pallid birth of my pain,—where light, where light is, aspiring
Thither I rise, whilst thou—Zeus, keep thy godship and sink!

To decipher the esoteric meaning which is adumbrated in Mr. Browning's version of the legend will be an instructive exercise for students. They may be sure that an allegory is contained in the injustice inflicted on a primeval king of Thessaly by the Olympian gods. The tormentors and their victim have passed away, but something is probably to be learned by those who can penetrate the mystery from a passage which at first sight looks obscure:—

Whatsoever the medium, flesh or essence,—Ixion 's
Made for a purpose of hate,—clothing the entity Thou,
—Medium whence that entity strives for the Not-Thou beyond it,
Fire elemental, free, frame unnumbered, the All.

Classical poets were for the most part content with the orthodox doctrine that the objects of divine displeasure deserved their fate, though Prometheus furnishes an exception to the general rule. The eternity of the most famous torments troubled them little, perhaps because the old traditions were not seriously believed. There is no reason why Ixion and his companions in misfortune should not furnish subjects for the analysis of modern genius. Mr. Browning, in the person of Ixion, affirms that the great mythical criminals have been purged of their guilt; for

the past was dream: now that the dreamers awake,
Sisyphus scouts low fraud, and to Tantalus treason is folly.

Mr. Browning spells the proper names in a newfangled way; but both Sisyphus and Tantalus are sufficiently celebrated to have a right to their long-established English names.

The longest and most elaborate of the poems, "Jochanan Hakkadosh," is written in *terza rima*, a metre so alien that it has no English name. Mr. Browning's intimacy with Italian literature accounts for his attempt to acclimatize the metre of Dante; but the result can scarcely be called successful. Shelley, perhaps the greatest among modern masters of tuneful expression, tried the experiment, with indifferent fortune, in the "Triumph of Life." It was probably because he found that the foreign importation was cumbersome that he left the poem a fragment. Mr. Browning's version of a real or supposed passage in the "Mishna" is not unattractive in its strangeness and in its penetrable obscurity. Jochanan, an aged Jewish saint and philosopher, is at the point of death; and his disciples, headed by "that apt olive-branch" Tsaddi, entreat him to reveal before his departure some fruits of his wisdom and experience. The Rabbi disappoints them by confessing that he has failed in all the forms of life which he has attempted to realize. As lover, as warrior, as poet, as statesman, he has succeeded in nothing. His perfect theory has not been modified in practice, and he can only bid his children farewell with the confession, "I die, a failure since my birth." Tsaddi and his friends refuse to acquiesce in the conclusion, and four of them, representing the Rabbi's four departments of energy, procure for him an additional twelvemonth of life by a proportional contribution of their blood to be infused into his veins. At the end of each three months Tsaddi renews his inquiries with as little success as before. When the new lease of life is on the point of expiring the faithful are driven away by the rumour of persecution, and on their return they find Jochanan still alive, in consequence of another infusion of blood from the veins of certain ignorant youths. The mysterious communion with ordinary and simple life has removed from his mind all confusion and doubt, and he finally departs in perfect cheerfulness and contentment:—

Thus was brought about
The sepulture of Rabbi Jochanan:
Thou hast him,—sinner-saint, live-dead, boy-man—
Schiphaz on Bendimir, in Farzistan!

If it were allowable to conjecture the moral of the poem, it might be thought that Mr. Browning intends to show how there is a great deal of human nature in men even when they are saintly philosophers. To the Hebrew note are subjoined three sonnets, one of which shows how Moses was thirty cubits high, how he could leap thirty cubits, and reach thirty cubits more with his staff. The whole ninety cubits scarcely touched the ankle-bone of the giant Og. The moral of this story is left in doubt, though it may be compared with the facts narrated in two other sonnets. A man walked four hours before he reached the end of an object which turned out to be Og's thigh-bone. An axe dropped into a seemingly shallow rivulet had not reached the bottom after twenty years.

Not the least valuable of the poems in the present collection are those in which Mr. Browning has recurred to his earlier manner. The story of Donald, who had been crippled in an unportsmanlike adventure with a red deer, is perhaps too didactic; but it is told

* *Jocoseria*. By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1883.

in spirited and easy ballad metre. "Cristina and Monaldeschi" is a picturesque dramatic monologue of the same type with "My Last Duchess," and with many of Mr. Browning's happiest inspirations. The murder by Queen Christina of her lover Monaldeschi is perhaps best remembered by the gentle censure of Voltaire. Women and courtiers, he says, only remarked of their illustrious visitor that her hair was not dressed in the French fashion, and that she danced awkwardly. "Les eages ne condamnerent dans elle que le meurtre de Monaldeschi, son écuyer, qu'elle fit assassiner à Fontainebleau." Whatever his crime was, she ought to have appealed to justice, and not to have executed it herself. "Ce n'était pas une reine qui punissait un sujet; c'était une femme qui terminait une galanterie par un meurtre." Mr. Browning, who thinks fit to Italianize the name of the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus into Cristina, cannot be expected to concern himself with the questions of municipal and international law which were not less lightly passed over by the Court of France under Mazarin. It is with the bitter feelings of the woman and with her meditated vengeance that the poet has to deal. As she walks with her false lover through the long galleries of Fontainebleau, the half-concealed taunts of suppressed passion are repeated again and again with menacing irony. Every object conforms itself to her concentrated anger, as when she casually sees represented in a picture the wrath of an offended goddess:—

See, where Juno strikes Ixion,
Primate speaks plainly! Pooch—
Rather, Florentine Le Roux!
I've lost head for who is who—
So it swims and wanders! Fie on
What still proves me female! Here,
By the staircase!—for we near
That dark "Gallery of the Deer."

In the gallery are waiting the instruments of murder:—

What ho!
Friends, my four! You, Priest, confess him!
I have judged the culprit there:
Execute my sentence! Care
For no mail such cowards wear!
Done Priest? Then, absolve and bless him!
Now—you three, stab thick and fast,
Deep and deeper! Dead at last?
Thanks, friends—Father, thanks! Aghast?

These short extracts will show how thoroughly the style and the metre suit the profound tragedy of the subject-matter.

Four or five short poems are perhaps the most delightful parts of the new collection. To one powerful utterance of the unrequited affection of a woman Mr. Browning gives the title of "Mary Wollstonecraft and Fuseli." There is a touch of fierce irony in "Adam, Lilith, and Eve." Two women in sudden fright confess to the husband of one, who had been the rejected lover of the other, that he was hasty in accepting a refusal, and that his wife had preferred a rival. Lilith had said to herself, when she had seemed to scorn her suitor,

If, despite this lie, he strips
The mask from my soul with a kiss—I crawl
His slave,—soul, body and all!

The other had thought at her wedding

Did one, that's away, arrive—nor late
Nor soon should unlock Hell's gate!
It ceased to lighten and thunder.
Up started both in wonder,
Looked round and saw that the sky was clear,
Then laughed "Confess you believed us, Dear!"
"I saw through the joke!" the man replied.
They resented themselves beside.

Adam, of course, well knew that both Lilith and Eve had in their turn betrayed the truth.

Two short and perfect lyrics at the beginning of the volume and near the end are probably dedicated to a memory which Mr. Browning has often celebrated in graceful and touching verse. In the first a summer earth and sky suggest a sense of want to be supplied by an influence which the poet invokes:—

Come then, complete incompleteness, O come
Pant through the blueness, perfect the summer.

A regret that "the time and the place and the loved one" are never together gives way to the hope that

This path so soft to pace shall lead
Thro' the magic of May to herself indeed!
Or narrow if needs the house must be,
Outside are the storms and the strangers: we—
Oh, close, safe, warm sleep I and she,
—I and she.

MADAME DE WITT'S FRENCH CHRONICLERS.*

AS Mme. de Witt's magnificent volume belongs to the class of *étrennes*, and is as much a work of art as of literature, we shall not apologize for looking at the pictures before we attend to the letterpress. Childish as this course may be, it is

* *Les Chroniqueurs de l'Histoire de France depuis les origines jusqu'au XVI^e Siècle*. Texte abrégé, coordonné et traduit par Mme. de Witt, née Guizot. Première Série. *Les Chroniqueurs de Grégoire de Tours à Guillaume de Tyr*. Ouvrage contenant 11 planches en chromolithographie, 47 grandes compositions tirées en noir et 267 gravures d'après les monuments et les manuscrits de l'époque. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie. 1883.

in the present case irresistible. At the very outset, facing the title-page, there is a chromolithograph from a miniature in the *Evangelarium* of Charles the Great, which no one with a feeling for colour and decorative design can possibly turn over in a hurry. The illustrations fall into four classes, intended, we suppose, to hit as many different tastes in art as possible. The eye will of course first be caught by the plates in chromolithography, some after ancient miniatures and mosaics, others representing actual objects of antiquity, such as crowns and reliquaries. Of these chromolithographs, eleven in number, the first represents the Christ from the Gospel-Book executed by Godescalc for the Emperor Charles and his wife—a figure which in black and white will probably be familiar to many, as it appears both in MM. Bordier and Charton's illustrated History of France, and in Mr. Colvin's edition of Woltmann and Woermann's History of Painting. The drawing of the human figure, though good for the period, is of course very imperfect, and in a simple woodcut it is the figure which attracts notice; but in the chromolithographic reproduction we feast our eyes upon the rich and varied design and colouring of the accessories and background, in which lies the beauty of the miniature, and admire the lavish yet skilful manner in which it is enriched without being overloaded with gold. From a later Gospel Book (c. 843) we have the Emperor Lothar on his throne, with a helmeted warrior on either side; and from the Bible presented by the canons of St. Martin of Tours to Charles the Bald, a similar but more elaborate composition, depicting the presentation of the MS. Both these afford excellent examples of the manner in which the Carolingian artists heightened the effect of the draperies by touching up the high lights with gold—much in the manner in which young ladies' drawings on tinted paper used to be touched up with Chinese white. Charles the Great himself, kneeling at the feet of St. Peter to receive the standard of Rome, and set off by a background of resplendent gold, appears in the reproduction of the mosaic from the triclinium of St. John Lateran. Three fragments from the Bayeux Tapestry look sombre and tame in colouring compared to the gorgeous illuminations of the Gospel-Books, though for the historian they have more interest than any number of crowned emperors sitting stiffly on uncomfortable thrones. Of the remaining four plates, the first represents various objects found in the tomb of Childeric I., notably the "bees" dear to Buonapartists; and the second gives those strange chandelier-like "couronnes d'or des rois visigoths," which amaze visitors to the Musée de Cluny. The so-called "Iron Crown" of Lombardy, and a splendid "chasse de l'époque mérovingienne" are the subjects of the two other plates. How far their magnificence, especially in the way of gilding, will stand the test of time, we do not pretend to judge; but we should think that it behoves a possessor of the book to guard it from gas and damp.

As for woodcuts, there are full-page representations of places and buildings, mostly from photographs, among which we specially remark a striking view of the Brèche de Roland; and the text is profusely interspersed with excellent cuts of medals, statues, antiquities, and contemporary works of art. There is also a facsimile of the text of the famous Oath of Strasburg from a tenth-century MS. of Nithard's History. These are for the earnest student; for the frivolous there are plenty of fancy pictures by various hands, in the style of those supplied by M. de Neuville to M. Guizot's juvenile history, but not quite so good. The mixture of mediæval realities, or even of mediæval efforts of imagination, with modern ideal compositions, has perhaps a somewhat incongruous effect; but it has at any rate the merit of satisfying different tastes, and we own to a considerable liking for M. Delort's spirited representation of Roland in the pass of Roncesvalles, making his last effort to break the good sword Durandal upon the rock. The Paladin is cross-gartered to an excruciating extent, which would try the fortitude even of Malvolio; but this is doubtless correct Carolingian costume. Another subject from romance also pleases us—the wounded William of Orange (not our Deliverer, nor yet the Silent One, but an earlier and semi-mythical bearer of the name, otherwise known as the *Marquis au Court-Nez*), tended by his wife, Dame Guibourg, and her maidens. The earnest and anxious look of the woman, and the exhausted attitude of the man, who yet is able to return her gaze with one of affection and gratitude, are well given; but we fear that the artist, M. Zier, has sacrificed truth to beauty in the hero's nose, which is represented as short certainly, but as intact. Now, though we have not the original poem at hand, we have consulted Dr. Jonckbloet's translation into modern French, and there we find that the *Marquis au Court-Nez* owed his characteristic appellation to his having had the end of his nose sliced off by the sword of a Paynim giant, after which misadventure he can hardly have been as good-looking as M. Zier has made him. The same artist has supplied six other plates; but none, to our thinking, as good as this. He is somewhat given to subjects in which horses are introduced; and of these, the best represents the young King-elect, Louis From-beyond-Sea, with the world with noble horsemanship. There is a wondrous horse, of the grand historic breed, running away in the background of M. Fritel's representation of Godfrey of Bouillon's encounter with a bear—a clever picture otherwise, and one likely to gratify the youthful mind. The Duke and the bear are standing up to each other, the bear attacking, the Duke "se défendant avec acharnement," and with a well-expressed look of desperate determination in his face. The story of the combat, told by Mme. de Witt after Albert of Aix, is nearly as exciting as anything in Cooper or Mayne Reid. The morbid taste for horrors which beets French art is not

altogether unrepresented here. Despite picturesqueness of costume and accessories, M. Fritel's representation of Fredegund trying to squeeze her daughter to death in a chest is as unpleasant as a picture in the *Police News*. We could well spare also the confused woodcut reproducing M. Luminais's ghastly "Mort de Chramne." Another Frankish death-scene, after the picture of Albert Maignan—representing the young Chlodobert, son of Chilperic and Fredegund, expiring at the foot of the tomb of St. Médard, whither his parents have brought him in the hope that the Divine wrath may thus be turned away—is much better executed; and is moreover not horrible, but pathetic. Here, vile and cruel as we know her to be, our sympathy is roused for Fredegund in that hour of agonizing sorrow and remorse, when, with one hand holding that of her dying son, the other pressed against the stone tomb, she calls in vain upon the Saint. The cry of the poor, the widow, and the orphan, under the oppressions of Chilperic and his wicked Queen, has gone up too loudly and too long to Heaven; and the sacrifice of the registers of the taxes, hastily burned by Fredegund in her first moment of remorse, has come too late to avert the stroke of vengeance.

From the illustrations we pass to the text. The West-Gothic crowns may be admired without our knowing anything about the kings who wore them—or sat under them, for to wear them can hardly have been possible; but, when we come to the "compositions," the most idle reader must needs turn to the text to find out the meaning of what he sees. The plan of Mme. de Witt's book being, we think, in some of its features novel, or at least unusual, deserves attention. We will let her explain it in her own words:—

C'est assurément une des gloires et ce sera l'une des forces de notre époque d'avoir ramené et développé les études historiques. On tomberait cependant dans une grave erreur si l'on croyait que ces études sont répandues sérieusement dans le grand public. Les lecteurs sont encore peu nombreux et les monuments de notre ancienne histoire restent inconnus à la plupart. Le désir de les étudier s'éveille pourtant; ceux que la direction de leurs esprits ou de leurs vies avait laissés étrangers aux trésors originaux de notre histoire nationale s'étonnent du plaisir qu'ils éprouvent à les voir placés à leur portée. Ils retrouvent jusque dans les chroniqueurs les plus anciens cette vivacité d'impressions et d'expression, cette vie palpitante et féconde qui n'ont jamais fait défaut à notre patrie. Mais les difficultés que présente le langage, les longueurs et les digressions du récit fatiguent et découragent trop souvent les lecteurs. J'ai cherché à faciliter leur tâche en choisissant dans les diverses chroniques les fragments les plus intéressants, en les complétant l'un par l'autre, en les reliant parfois entre eux par quelques mots. J'espère arriver ainsi à reconstituer une véritable histoire de France écrite de siècle en siècle par des contemporains, avec les erreurs et les préjugés de leur temps, mais avec l'animation et la vérité inhérentes à ce genre de récits.

The book is thus, as it were, a piece of patchwork—or a mosaic, if that be thought a more dignified expression. Something of this kind was done with modern writers by Miss Sewell and Miss Yonge in their *Historical Selections*; but, as far as we remember, they did not attempt to weave their materials into a connected whole—a task which indeed would be hardly possible with modern historians, each with his special style and method of treatment. With the simple and straightforward narratives of ancient chroniclers, historians, and even poets, there is no such insuperable difficulty. By dint of selection, translation, modernization of language—preserving, however, a certain flavour of archaism—judicious compression, and skilful tacking together, Mme. de Witt has succeeded in making a coherent narrative. That the extracts are well chosen and adroitly put together is proved by the result being a pleasant and readable book. There is an hereditary fitness in Guizot's daughter thus carrying on his work of making the ancient chroniclers and historians of Gaul and France familiar to modern readers. And yet we feel some doubt whether the plan she has adopted is altogether judicious. One writer succeeds another without any more apparent break than that of a new paragraph; and the change of guide, except when, as sometimes happens, it is made manifest by a change of style, is only notified to the reader by a figure directing him to a foot-note which gives the name of the work laid under contribution. This plan has the serious defect of placing on a level writers of very different degrees of authority and credibility. Thus in the reign of Charles the Great we start with a narrative made out of the biography by Einhard and the *Annals* attributed to the same author, and go soberly along till all of a sudden we find ourselves listening to an evidently mythical or poetical story from the Monk of St. Gall; then we return to everyday facts with Einhard and the *Annals* and an edict of Charles; anon we soar up into the clouds with "*L'entrée en Espagne: chanson de geste du commencement du quatorzième siècle*," where we make acquaintance with Roland, Osier the Dane, and the giant Ferragus; and from this we pass on to the great Song of Roland itself, in prose and modernized, it is true, but with all its poetic details. Now the difference between Einhard and a collector of legends like the Monk of St. Gall is considerable; but it is nothing to the leap from Einhard's *Vita Karoli Magni*, a genuine piece of biography by a well-informed contemporary, to the Song of Roland, a romantic poem with little more historic basis than is possessed by *Cherry Chase*. The things are not different in degree merely, but in kind; one might as well make up a history of the reign of Richard I. by supplementing Roger of Hoveden with *Ivanhoe*. It is true that in a foot-note Mme. de Witt points out how the *tradition poétique*, as preserved in the Song of Roland, has substituted Saracens for the Gascons or Basques who in fact cut to pieces the Frankish rear-guard in the gorges of the Pyrenees, and that she quotes the historic version from the

Annals attributed to Einhard—we wonder, by the way, that she did not also quote the more famous passage from the *Vita Karoli*, where the Roland of romance, "*Hruodlandus Britanniæ limitis præfectus*," makes his brief appearance in authentic history. But the rectification in a foot-note of a single detail is but a feeble method of counteracting the tissue of fiction in the text. The Song of Roland is a glorious poem, one by which, to apply Sir Philip Sidney's often-quoted words, the heart is moved more than with a trumpet; but its historic value consists in showing us what the French-speaking men of the eleventh century fancied about "Charlemagne" and his idealized warriors, and its true place in a history is that which is actually given to it in MM. Bordier and Charton's work, in a chapter on the literature of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The same objections apply to the interpolation in the history of the Carolingian period of two other fragments of eleventh and twelfth-century epics, the first from the *Roman de Garin le Loherain*, the other from one of the *chansons de geste* in which William of Orange is the central figure. We may perhaps accept as a piece of genuine historical tradition the opening scene of *Garin le Loherain*, where Charles Martel takes the daring step of requisitioning the monasteries for supplies to maintain the war against the Saracens; but with William of Orange and his converted Saracen wife Orable or Guibourg we are carried far into the regions of romance. It is difficult to resist the charm and to be severely critical when we have before us the picturesque description of the Marquis William, alone, wounded, and hard chased, making his way home from the disastrous field of Aleschans, like the sole survivor of the retreat from Cabul; or when we read the touching scene in which the vanquished warrior is consoled and encouraged by his faithful wife. We try to believe all that we can; we will accept William of Orange as the personification of the struggle to win and keep Septimania and the Spanish March from the Saracen; we will even trace in him some of the features of historic Dukes of Aquitaine and Septimania and Counts of Provence; we will identify the fight of Aleschans with that of Villedaigne in 793, or give it a place, according to Mme. de Witt's view, among the incidents of the rebellion, to which the Saracens lent their aid, on the Spanish March in 826. But, admitting all this, the details of William's homeward ride and of his dialogue with Dame Guibourg are as purely imaginary as anything in Shakespeare's plays or Scott's novels. In any case, *chansons de geste* dating, at least in the form in which we have them, from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, and dealing with incidents supposed to have occurred in the eighth and ninth centuries, cannot, however much of historic tradition they may preserve, come under the head of history "*écrite de siècle en siècle par des contemporains*."

Even when the transition is not from an historian to a romancer, but from one historian to another, we should often prefer to have the change more distinctly marked in the text, instead of being only warned of it by a reference, which may be easily overlooked, to a footnote. We cannot help thinking that Mme. de Witt's work would have been more useful, and no less interesting, if she had been less anxious to make the narrative flow on smoothly, and had allowed the transition from one writer to another to be more apparent, and if also she had given her readers more information about the authorities from which the book has been compiled. If people are to read the old chroniclers and historians to any good purpose, they must be taught to read with discrimination, to distinguish, as Mr. Freeman has constantly insisted, "true history alike from legend and wilful invention"—and we fear that Mr. Freeman classes the French-speaking barons of Charlemagne as very little better than wilful inventions—"and also to understand the nature of historical authorities and to weigh one statement against another." To turn them loose among chroniclers "*avec les erreurs et les préjugés de leurs temps*," without guidance as to what and how much they are to believe, is like leaving a jury to form their opinion without a judge to sum up the evidence. Mme. de Witt has, it is true, not abandoned her readers entirely to themselves. Frequently she supplies dates, and from time to time she gives a note correcting an error or a misstatement, explaining some point, or supplementing some deficiency in the narrative; though she has not been happy in her attempt at the name of our King Harold's mother, which, she says, was "*Githa, ou Edithe, ou Gidda*,"—a confusion seemingly of Gytha with Eadgith of the Swan's Neck. In the case of the *chansons de geste* Mme. de Witt has given some needful information as to their date and origin; but she might with advantage have extended this process to more authentic histories. She does indeed mention that Nithard was a grandson of "Charlemagne," and that Paschasius Radbert was Abbot of Corbie; and when the Monk of St. Gall, in the course of narrating the *faits et gestes* of Charles the Great, pauses to address the reigning Emperor (Charles the Fat) of his own day, she sees the necessity of adding a note to say in whose time the writer lived. But we desire more than this; we wish that she had clearly drawn the distinction between authentic history and legend, and that she had made it a rule to give some brief biographical and critical notices of the chief contemporary authorities. In England Mr. Freeman, and his brilliant and popular follower whom all historical students are now mourning, have been successful in imparting some knowledge of the sources whence history is derived; and we do not see why Mme. de Witt should not have done the same thing for France. What she has done is good; but it is not enough.

In saying this, we only criticize the plan which the writer has

adopted, not the manner in which she has carried it out. As regards the execution of her scheme, we readily acknowledge her skill and success; and we feel no doubt that the work will fulfil the modestly expressed hope with which she winds up her preface:—"J'ai pris tant de plaisir aux recherches et aux études nécessitées par mon travail, que j'en ose espérer quelque plaisir pour le lecteur."

DIARIES AND LETTERS OF PHILIP HENRY.*

MR. LEE'S publication of the diaries and letters of his ancestor will (if they have the patience to read it) be agreeable reading both to persons who, as Mr. Lee says, "often describe [that ancestor] as Matthew Henry's father," and even to a class which it may be suspected is already large, and yearly widening, who have very indistinct ideas of the once famous commentator himself. Of the editor's performance of his task it is not necessary to say much. He is in his annotations drawn somewhat ludicrously *studia in contraria*, by the fact that, while he has a deep veneration for his subject, he is at the same time himself a loyal Churchman. He is a little given to the conjectural in matters of genealogy, and some of his references to matters off his immediate subject are somewhat incomplete or inexact. For instance, in telling a well-known story of Philip Henry's wooing ("I do not know where he comes from," said the lady's father. "But," said the lady herself, "I know where he is going to, and I should like to go with him"), he remarks, as a parallel, that Fletcher of Madeley was thought by his wife to be the son of a common soldier, and it was not till many years after their marriage that she accidentally discovered her error. Now, as a matter of fact, Fletcher, before he married Miss Bosanquet, wrote to her brother an elaborate account of his family and antecedents; and as he died and she administered his will (which shows him to have possessed landed property in Switzerland) within three or four years after their marriage, not to mention that she had known him intimately for some twenty years before it, this story is nearly impossible. There are, however, few men who may not be caught tripping out of their own path; and in his own path, that is to say, the life of Philip Henry and the topography and antiquities of "English Maelor," the Flintshire district where Henry's life was passed, Mr. Lee is to all appearance unattackable, which is the principal point.

Although, however, Mr. Lee's attempts to trace Philip Henry to Rhys ap Ilewellyn (it has been impertinently said that everybody in South Wales traces his descent to Rhys ap Ilewellyn, and everybody in North Wales to Tudor Trevor) are, and are admitted by him to be, of a somewhat vague and conjectural character, his hero was not by any means *terre filius*. His father was indeed the first of the race who is known to have borne the surname of Henry; but that was simply because the old Welsh custom of taking the father's Christian name as a surname only ceased with him. John Henry, after being in the employment of various persons of distinction, became the King's servant as Keeper of the Orchard at Whitehall, and Page of the Backstairs to Prince James, afterwards James II. The first post till the breaking out of the Civil War enabled him to "live plentifully and in good repute"; the second he luckily sold in time for 600*l.*—equal probably to three or four thousand now—to one Mr. Howard. "This," says his son piously, "was a great mercy to him." But we are not told how Mr. Howard looked at it. Philip Henry, his first son and fourth child, was born in 1631, the same year as Dryden, and, like Dryden, went early to Westminster School, and was a favourite of Busby's. The two boys must have sat side by side on the same forms and tasted together of the fruit of the Busbeian tree of knowledge—though Henry says he was only whipped once. But there seems to be no record of acquaintanceship; and, while Dryden entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, Philip Henry was elected to a Westminster studentship at Christchurch. His father had been a strong Cavalier, paying his respects to his master openly in the very last and worst days. Philip Henry himself seems to have been of a cautious disposition, retaining a certain Royalism, but willing to take moderate tests of loyalty to the Commonwealth. At Christchurch, moreover, he educated himself, or was educated, into decided preference for the Presbyterian form of Church government. This was confirmed by one of the influences which have always worked so strongly in Puritan Dissenting and Evangelical history. The wife of Judge Puleston, of Emral, in Flintshire, selected Philip Henry as tutor for her sons, and he was established at Emral in that position, being before very long ordained after the Presbyterian fashion, and presented to the chapelry of Worthenbury, which for his special benefit the Judge, though in a somewhat irregular manner, endowed with the not inconsiderable stipend of 100*l.* a year. Lastly, by marrying Katharine Matthews, the heiress of Broad Oak, in the same neighbourhood, he secured a sufficient subsistence for himself in case of a rainy day. The rainy day came. Judge Puleston died, and his heirs were anything but well inclined to their former tutor, while Henry, though, like most Presbyterians, he welcomed the Restoration gladly enough, was driven by the Act of Uniformity from his benefice. He survived, however, for more than thirty years, suffering only minor inconveniences, and under Charles II.'s Indulgence of 1671 being licensed to hold services without danger of the Conventicle Act.

The diaries and letters here printed are not continuous, though the writer seems to have kept a diary regularly for some forty years. Rather more than half this number, however, is represented. They are very interesting, and the interest which they possess is of two independent kinds. There is, in the first place, the usual attraction of diaries dating from a more or less remote time—the side views of history, the jottings of small social facts, the glimpses of character, the quaint sayings or citations which such work, unless it comes from the pen of an extraordinarily dull man (and sometimes even when it does), has for posterity. We learn how Philip Henry, parting from his company at Dorchester, within half a dozen miles of Oxford, "was much concerned that he must ride so far alone," and "then and often since looked on it as a great mercy that two fellow-travellers came up." We hear how troops of horse at the King's execution were appointed purposely "to mask (*sic*) the people." Every now and then there is an entry of infallible recipes telling how a decoction of camomile in beer is "*instar incantamenti* in the colic," and how a conserve of rue is good for convulsions, if taken morning and evening, which seems to argue a rather leisurely sort of convulsions. There is frequent mention of a mysterious place called Thistleworth, of which, though it is on so well beaten a road as that from Oxford to London, though Philip Henry mentions it often and Evelyn once, the whereabouts is unknown. At least Mr. Lee says so, and though we are pretty well acquainted with the road, we cannot help him. There are whole pages of prodigies, generally mentioned after something has happened in Church or State which the writer regards as untoward. There is an item telling how, rather to the scandal of his Nonconformist neighbours, the old Westminster boy "thought it lawful" to go and see the Whitechurch schoolboys act the *Heautontimorumenos*. We come upon a curious entry, written as it would seem *à propos* of nothing, in which he notes how "every bishop dying is bound by law to leave the King his best horse, a caped cloak, a cup and cover, a bason and ewer, his ring, his kennel, and his cook." Is Her Gracious Majesty seized of Archbishop Tait's cook, and what has she done with that official? He notes many interesting matters pertaining to agriculture, for he farmed much after giving up his benefice. Prices, wages, and so forth are given copiously, and there is here a version of the much-talked-of escapade of Buckhurst and Sedley in Covent Garden, which is somewhat different from that commonly received.

If, however, the book merely contained such things as these, it would only be a not specially fruitful example of a kind which is fortunately abundant enough. But it is more than this. It gives one of the most striking and instructive pictures known to us of a type of man who played an immense part in the history of England at that time, and who is again playing a great part now. Philip Henry—and this is what makes his autobiographic records so valuable—was indeed an exceedingly favourable specimen of the seventeenth-century Nonconformist. The enthusiastic manner in which his descendants seem to revere his memory is scarcely exaggerated. Not even in the case of the man who has been mentioned above, and who somewhat resembled him, Fletcher of Madeley, is personal holiness more apparent, and the use of the pious formulas, in which both abound, more natural. After the fashion of his sect, Philip Henry is rather prone to see judgments, and to dispose of other men's souls after their deaths in a way which, from different points of view, may appear rather presumptuous and more than rather uncharitable. But personal feeling never seems to have influenced him at all. He does not indulge in any violent language against his personal molesters, who were not few; and almost the only trace of the old Adam that can be found in him is a habit of speaking in most uncomplimentary language of his friends' gifts as preachers. Moreover, Nonconformist as he was, he had no small portion of thoroughly Catholic feeling. He hesitated long before refusing to conform; he gave every countenance and assistance to his successor; and years afterwards, when by the King's indulgence conventicles were allowed, and he himself licensed, he has these remarkable words:—"The danger is lest the allowance of separate places tend to help to overthrow our parish order, which God hath owned, and beget divisions and animosities amongst us which no honest heart but would rather should be healed." It is impossible to conceive anything further than this from the typical Dissenting spirit of the present day, which indeed every historical student knows to be entirely alien from that of the better Nonconformists of the past. In such a man it is undeniable that we have a crucial instance, a man whose Nonconformity was assuredly not due to hatred, malice, greed, or anything of that kind. The subject is therefore a very suitable one for investigation. Philip Henry's secession seems to have been due to two things, both of which this book exhibits, the one negatively, the other positively. Mr. Lee points out, though he does not draw the natural conclusion, that Henry was singularly uninterested in antiquarian matters. He lived for nearly half a century close to the famous site of the monastery of Bangor Iscoed, and does not so much as notice it. It may be added that, though the references of his diary are very numerous and extremely various, we have hardly noted a single one bearing on Church history before the Reformation. In other words, Philip Henry had no sense of historic continuity and cared nothing for the past, thus lacking one of the main motives which make men conservative and disposed to prefer authority and order. It is equally evident that, though personal vanity or self-sufficiency seems, as has been said, to have been no fault of his, and though in politics he was rather a moderate Royalist than anything else, the extreme magnifying

* *Diaries and Letters of Philip Henry.* Edited by Matthew Henry Lee. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

of the ministerial office in the individual, the touchiness as to Presbyterian ordination by equals, not superiors, and what may be called the general "bumptiousness" of Presbyterianism had had a strong effect on him. He seems to have had no strong or fundamental objection to episcopacy in the abstract; and his references to the ceremonies which the Puritans disliked, though curiously dogmatic in disapproval, are not expressive of the exaggerated horror which some of his friends felt or affected to feel. He speaks of them somewhere as "things indifferent in themselves," and it does not appear that he would have had them forbidden, but merely left optional. In other words, he seems not so much to have thought the other way wrong as to have determined that his own way was right, and that he would not be interfered with in it; to have suffered, in short, from an intolerance of obeying.

RECENT JURISPRUDENCE.*

THE new edition of the systematic part of Dr. von Holtzendorff's well-known *Encyclopædia of Jurisprudence* is not only brought down to date, but to a considerable extent recast. In particular, the general introduction by Ahrens has now disappeared, and his place is taken for this purpose by Dr. Geyer, of Munich. Dr. Geyer writes, no less than Ahrens, from a German philosophical point of view which it is not altogether easy for an English lawyer to realize or appreciate. There are points about his work, however, which make one feel sensibly nearer to that common understanding between the two schools which we hope yet to see brought about. It is not convenient that men of kindred speech, race, and institutions, engaged in the historical and critical study of those institutions, and called on, as it would seem, by the very nature of the case to unite for mutual aid and comfort herein, should be separated by so great a divergence of method and manner as to be hardly intelligible to one another. We are not fanciful, we trust, in thinking we discern hopeful signs. If we fail to perceive the alleged necessity for an ethical prelude to the philosophy of law (which, however, let it be noted, was fully as much deemed necessary by Bentham and Austin as by any German), there is at least a pleasure in finding that Dr. Geyer knows and cites the classical British moralists of the eighteenth century. It is still better to find Dr. Geyer allowing at the outset that there is or may be such a thing as a science of positive law, in the sense of actually existing law, distinct from that search after the ideal of law, "*das Recht*" in the absolute sense, which appears for many Continental teachers, and for those few and faithful British writers who follow them, to make up the whole content of the philosophy of law, to the exclusion of less ambitious inquiries. The moral purpose which, according to Dr. Geyer, lies at the foundation of legal rules, is compensation (*Vergeltung*); we cannot here discuss this generalization, but it is favourably distinguished from many other and more pretentious ones by preserving an intelligible relation to concrete facts. Further, he gives a virtually utilitarian definition of the objects of social organization and activity ("das gemeinsame Bestreben nach der allgemeinen Wohlfahrt, nach der grösstmöglichen Summe der Befriedigungen durch richtige Verwaltung der vorhandenen Güterquellen"). Also definite and practical suggestions in the theory of legislation are made, including one not unlike Bentham's for the abolition in favour of the State of intestate succession in the remoter degrees. After all, the definition of legal principles must come round, from whatever theory we start, to the consideration of what men living together in a civilized community may reasonably expect of the State and of one another; and therefore great speculative divergence and great difference in the manner of approaching such considerations are compatible with great likeness of results.

It is impossible to give an account here of the contents of a volume of nearly fourteen hundred pages, covering what the German text-writers call (in a phrase we should do well to adopt in some form) the "general part" of everything a learned German can want to know as an introduction to the full study of legal institutions. We may just mention that the English department is undertaken by Dr. Brunner, and shows, considering the difficulties offered by our legal literature even to native students, extraordinary knowledge and accuracy. The only grave slip we have noticed (and an accidental slip of the pen or of memory, we cannot but think) is the statement that English law was introduced into Scotland as well as into Wales and Ireland. As Blackstone has met in these latter days with much unjust disparagement, it may be worth while to see what a competent and impartial foreign critic like Dr. Brunner thinks of him. This is his judgment. Admitting that modern criticism must find room

* *Encyclopædie der Rechtswissenschaft in systematischer Bearbeitung.* Herausgegeben unter Mitwirkung vieler Rechtslehrer von Dr. Franz von Holtzendorff, Professor der Rechte in München. 4te Auflage. Leipzig, 1882.

The Institutes of the Law of Nations: a Treatise of the Jural Relations of Separate Political Communities. By James Lorimer, LL.D., &c. Vol. I. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1882.

International Law: Private and Criminal. By Dr. L. Bar. Translated, with Notes, by G. R. Gillespie. Edinburgh: W. Green. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1883.

The Principles of the Hindu Law of Inheritance, &c. &c. (Tagore Law Lectures, 1880.) By Rajkumar Sarvadhikari. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. London: Thacker & Co. 1882.

for improvement in Blackstone's ideas of historical and systematic treatment, he says that still Blackstone was the first to succeed in lifting English jurisprudence out of its self-imposed isolation to the level of European culture. "It may be confidently asserted that no modern system of law can point to so full and finished a general view as the law of England possesses in Blackstone." It is time that English students should be strongly warned against the perverse carplings of Austin—who, we may observe in passing, nowhere gives proof of even moderately competent knowledge of either the substance or the literature of English law. There is also at the end of the volume a special appendix on the history of English Parliamentary government; it must be—as it ought to be—enough to say of this that it is contributed by Dr. Gneist, who not merely in his own country but in England has few equals in knowledge of the subject. To some extent it is a summary of the results of his larger work, *Die Englische Verfassungsgeschichte*.

Professor Lorimer's *Institutes of the Law of Nations* is a work on the same speculative lines as his *Institutes of Law*, which we discussed some time ago on its appearance in a second edition. It would be useless to repeat the reasons for which we must decline to accept the venerable, but still vigorous, author's method of exposition as properly belonging to the field of legal science at all. He has given us, at all events, a series of interesting and often brilliant chapters on the ideals and the possibilities of international relations; and his practical results, as we found in the former book, do not greatly differ from those at which we prefer to arrive by a less ambitious route. It is very true—and we do not know who would deny it—that a new State is properly recognized on these two conditions, that it has shown itself capable of maintaining its independence, and that it has a regular government which appears both able and likely to behave in its dealing with other States as the Governments of civilized States habitually do. We fail to see, however, the necessity or the advantage of coming to this conclusion by an apparatus of Germanized philosophical deduction, in which such uncouth terms as "reciprocating will" are conspicuous.

When Professor Lorimer speaks his native tongue, however, we get many pregnant political sayings. Thus, concerning the relations of national religion to national character, he says:—"In this consideration" (the danger of churches becoming cut off from the general life of the community) "we perceive a powerful international argument against the Disestablishment of National Churches; for there can, as it seems to me, be no question that the tendency of separation between Church and State is to weaken the ethical as contrasted with the dogmatic element in the national theology. It is a reopening of the door to priestcraft, and a partial undoing of the work of the Reformation." Again:—"Intolerance is a vice which clings to the bones of humanity, and no delusion can be greater than to imagine that we shall get rid of it by abolishing monarchy, either despotic or constitutional." We may also just call attention to the amusing chapter of diplomatic history and gossip entitled "The Literature of Legation." Professor Lorimer accepts the common nomenclature of international law as divided into Public and Private. Of the latter he says:—

It is private on both sides. Two private citizens sue each other before a municipal judge, with no appeal to any international tribunal.

This is what all the text-writers say, and therefore it does not strike us at first sight as absurd. Yet it amounts to saying that private international law is so called because it is not necessarily private in the ordinary sense (for the "conflict of laws" may be incident to questions of public law), and is necessarily not international. No one has succeeded yet, however, in finding a better name for that branch of jurisprudence which deals with the competition of different municipal laws for application by a municipal court in special circumstances. The real similarity of its rules to those of international law proper is that, though not *ius inter gentes*, they are a species of *ius gentium*; and there is the same kind of cosmopolitan stamp about the arguments and authorities by which they are established or impugned. "Intermunicipal law" has been proposed, but seems hardly satisfying. "Municipal law of nations" might be a tolerable expression, but is open in turn to the charge of being too wide, for it would seem on the face of it to include many parts of mercantile and maritime law. Various other combinations, such as "delimitative municipal law," present themselves only to be rejected as ambiguous or too cumbersome. Nor would any phrase involving "comity" mend matters; indeed, we doubt whether comity really has much to do with it. On the whole, we see nothing better than to acquiesce for the present in a form of words which, though in itself indefensible, has become so well understood a technical term as to mislead nobody; though the older "Conflict of Laws" is really an apter and more descriptive name for the topic as a whole. Yet another and a peculiar nomenclature and classification meet us in Professor Bar's well-known treatise *International Law: Private and Criminal*, now translated by Mr. Gillespie. According to this there is something called Criminal International Law which is neither Public nor Private. We cannot think that this is a felicitous division. Of the substantive contents and merit of Bar's work it is needless to speak. Mr. Gillespie has added a considerable number of notes both discursive and illustrative.

The production of an elaborate treatise on the Hindu law of inheritance by a native scholar is in itself nothing surprising. There have been learned Hindu lawyers for many centuries; the antiquity of their earliest legal classics is still a matter of dispute, and a chain of commentators of more or less authority has con-

tinued down to quite modern times. It is something of an innovation that such a book should be written and published not in Sanskrit, but in English which shows only by a certain occasional stiffness, like that of a translator who cannot find the exact equivalent for a foreign turn of thought, that the author is not an Englishman. But what gives the work a real interest beyond its strictly technical value, and makes it a sign of the times, is that Professor Rājīkumār Sarvādhikārī fully perceives the wider bearings of his subject. He is not only a Sanskrit scholar and learned in the wisdom of his own people, but he realizes the importance of Hindu law to Western scholars for the purposes of comparative and historical jurisprudence. He calls in the *sacra* of the Roman family, and—with more daring, but rightly in the main—the English tenure of frankalmoin, to illustrate the connexion between ancestor-worship and inheritance in the Hindu system. He expressly demands “an extensive knowledge of modern jurisprudence,” in addition to “a thorough knowledge of Sanskrit,” as the charm that shall unlock the treasures of the Hindu law-books. Exposition and inquiry pursued in this spirit by men who know Hindu law from the inside, and as no European, or at most very few, can know it, seem exactly what is wanted to complete the natural history of the institutions which in India more than anywhere else have through all their developments never lost the mould of their pristine form.

Incidentally Professor Sarvādhikārī gives his own views of the questions agitated among English and German students as to the age and authority of Hindu law texts, the real character of the different legal schools, and the like. His tone is sensible and temperate, being equally removed from extravagant veneration and from the violent iconoclasm of critics like Mr. Nelson. Mr. Nelson's undisguised doubts whether there is any such thing as Hindu law do indeed—as might be expected in a Bengal lawyer—rouse our author to something like indignation. To the problem of the actual authority of the so-called Hindu codes he offers what is at any rate a legitimate solution. These books were compiled and put in circulation, he says, by people who, though not sovereigns or lawgivers in the sense of modern temporal politics, were in a position of recognized authority as regards the sacred law. Suppose that the book of Manu was nothing but the customary of a particular sect or school called Mānavas; still the probability is that for some time, and over some considerable space, that which the heads of the Mānavas declared to be the law was understood so to be. This, indeed, appears to be the manner in which all customary law gets formulated and acquires currency before it is definitely adopted or rejected by the judicial practice of a settled government. We find something not unlike it in the Icelandic Sagas. On the other hand, our own history shows us, in some of the so-called laws of English kings compiled in the first century or thereabouts after the Conquest, that at certain stages in the growth of law the existence of a more or less elaborate document purporting to declare legal rules is by itself not even presumptive evidence that the rules so declared were actually observed or enforced. It is not always easy to know whether one is dealing with real tradition, or with wholesale invention or criticism in the disguise of dogmatic tradition—a disguise assumed as a thing of course and probably with no intention to deceive. In like manner Professor Sarvādhikārī warns us against extreme opinions concerning the different schools of Hindu law. Distinct schools there certainly are; but they are schools or branches of one system, not of different systems; therefore we shall in vain expect to find the whole system (whose common principles are everywhere presupposed) in the literature of one school alone. The *Mitāksharā*, for example, was never intended to be a complete and self-contained exposition. One of our author's remarks, if eminently true of his own legal studies, is also true of others much nearer home:—“The difficulty which besets the path of a student of Hindu Law would be greatly removed if he would bear in mind that Hindu Law has followed a course of development similar to [that of] the law of other nations, and that its growth has not yet been arrested.”

DUST.*

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE is, we fear, incurable. He could, we verily believe, be as sensible as most men. We will not do him so great a wrong as to hold that he has the least faith in the old women's tales that he works into the fabric of his story. He sits down, we have no doubt, in cold blood to devise presentiments and mysterious intimations. He knows that there are a great many silly people in the world who are just as credulous, though in a different way, as those who believed that old hags rode on broomsticks through the air. He provides for them therefore the fare that they like; he finds, we can readily suppose, his account therein. Yet we wish that he would for once snap his fingers at his readers and the circulating libraries, and dare to be sensible. Most likely, so far as money goes, he would be a loser; but the pleasure of not being silly is really worth a great deal. If we call on him to make a sacrifice, it is at all events a sacrifice which will bring its own reward. He will gain in self-respect. Moreover a man of common sense when he writes such stories as the one before us can never be on those pleasant terms which should always exist between an author

and his readers. He can never button-hole them as it were. He can never call them “gentle.” If he thinks of them at all, it must be as “my dear blockheads,” or “my long-eared friends.” He must cast before them the superstitious nonsense in which they delight with as much careless contempt as a man casts old cabbage-leaves before his jackass. He must also be ashamed of the very ease with which such stuff as this is manufactured. What writer is so dull but that he can imagine a murderer lying in wait for his victim in one place, and a woman struck with a presentiment in another place that something dreadful is on the point of being done? Mr. Hawthorne is not satisfied with one such presentiment. He brings them in wherever an ordinary writer would have been content with what is commonly called an extraordinary coincidence. Thus the villain of the piece, Sir Francis Bendibow, as wicked an old baronet as ever we have come across in our experience both of reality and fiction, plots the death of his virtuous brother-in-law, Mr. Grantley. He lies in wait for him on the road between London and Hammersmith. A thunderstorm came on; and the heroine, who was waiting for the good man in her mother's house, at the first flash of lightning knew that he was in danger. She insisted on hurrying out to meet him, but in her prudence announced her intention of taking an umbrella. She was, however, induced to remain. Half an hour passed, when “her bearing and aspect suddenly changed; she went swiftly out of the room, shutting the door behind her,” this time without her umbrella. Her lover, who happened to be present, was more prudent, and merely peered out of the window. “By the aid of an accommodating flash of lightning” he saw the girl and the old man coming up to the porch. Many, by the way, are the epithets that have been applied to lightning; but this is the first time that we have come across an accommodating flash. How it would have satisfied Justice Shallow!

This time—for it was quite early in the first volume—Mr. Grantley escaped from the murderous baronet with nothing worse than a fall from his horse and a bruise. But later on the poor man meets his end. He brought his fate on himself by his own imprudence. For what man in his senses would ride alone in a dark night in a lonely lane and in the latter chapters of the second volume? In a novel the pitfalls to life grow thicker the more it advances, just as they did in the bridge of broken arches which were seen by Mirza in his vision. Now at the scene of the murder our author, for reasons of his own, wishes to get together the murderer's son, the heroine, and the heroine's lover, Philip Lancaster. No doubt it was a somewhat difficult matter to manage; for baronets, when they are very wicked, are also equally cunning, and take care to get through their assassinations in the strictest privacy. Still authors have got over greater difficulties than this, and yet have not had recourse to supernatural agency. Those extraordinary coincidences of which we have already spoken are as freely at the use of the modern writer as the *deus ex machina* was at the use of the ancient writer. Indeed so much are we accustomed to them that, so long as an interesting scene is the result, we trouble our heads very little about probabilities. We would undertake, at the expense of half an hour's thought, to bring any number of characters together at any time of the day or night on any spot of the globe. The thing can be managed by ordinary agency, and therefore the novelist cannot be allowed to make use of the supernatural. Mr. Hawthorne, we must do him the justice to admit, does make use of the horse and cart of an obliging baker, one Jobson by name. But they are merely the *machina* in which the hero and heroine come upon the stage, and not the *deus*. The heroine, or, to use her own expression, “something in her,” saw Mr. Grantley appear before her like a ghost at a certain bend in a neighbouring road. It was night-time, but she at once without hesitation borrowed the baker's cart and horse, and then roused the hero. He dressed himself at her direction, armed himself with a pistol, and followed her downstairs. It was a night black as pitch. In the author's words, “the strange blackness of the night pressed upon their eyes like a material substance.” By the light of the lantern he made out the baker's horse, or, again to quote our author, “he was able dimly to perceive a large white object outside the gate, which, by the aid of mother-wit, he contrived to identify as a horse.” He saw not only the horse but the cart. Again to turn this into the English of the circulating libraries, “the lantern in Marion's hand presently revealed that the horse was attached to a waggon.” They both got in, and on the way the heroine not only told the hero of the ghost which she had just seen, but informed him that ever since she was a little girl she had had this mysterious power of seeing through darkness and across any number of statute miles. Then, seeming to shiver, she said that the day her father was killed at Waterloo she saw him with the wound in his breast. With such conversation did they beguile the way. On her part there was deep and tremulous emphasis, while he was affected in a way that goes beyond our power of understanding. “He became conscious of the immediate contact, as it were, of a nature warm, deep, passionate, and intensely feminine. The heavy darkness and silence of night that enveloped him and her was made, in a sense, luminous by this revelation.” We wish that in any sense the same could be said of this part of Mr. Hawthorne's narrative. How little luminous it becomes will be seen by the following quotation:—

A few minutes passed thus; and then a hard, abrupt noise rang out, ending flatly without an echo. The distance from which it came seemed not more than a hundred yards. The horse threw up his head and partly halted, but immediately resumed his jog-trot. Philip, holding the reins

* *Dust. A Novel.* By Julian Hawthorne, Author of “Garth,” “Sebastian Strome,” &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

in his left hand, grasped his pistol with his right, and cocked it. Marion rose to her feet, and sent forth her voice, with an astonishing volume of sound, leaping penetratingly into the night. Another shout answered hers more faintly from the blind region beyond. It was not repeated. The waggon jolted roughly over a narrow bridge that spanned a still-flowing brook. Then, like a sudden portentous birth out of sable chaos, sprang the scrambling speed of a horse's headlong gallop, and a dark mass hustled by, with fiery sparks smitten from the flinty road by iron-shod hoofs. It passed them and was gone, plunging into invisibility with a sort of fury of haste, as of a lost spirit rushing at annihilation.

It was only the wicked baronet and banker, who had the best of reasons for "plunging into invisibility," as he had just murdered not only his brother-in-law, but also his only son. How did young Mr. Bendibow get to the scene? He assuredly was not the man to borrow a baker's cart. Still less likely, we should have thought, was he to be gifted with presentiments. He was given to cock-fighting, rat-catching, and "august exhibitions of the manly art of self-defence." The very evening of the murder he had spent many hours in the society of an ostler, watching low sports and drinking punch. It was needful, however, that he should be murdered, and murdered at once. We do not dispute the necessity, but we do maintain that by the assistance of very ordinary means he might have got on to the scene of action. For instance, the friendly ostler might have proposed that, being far gone in drink, even at that late hour, they should start with one of their game-cocks for some neighbouring inn, or some friendly squire's, and match their bird against another. To get rid of him, he might be made to tumble into a ditch a mile or so short of the spot, and there to pass the rest of the night. Young Bendibow, scarcely missing him, would stagger onwards till his father by mistake knocked him on the head. Such means as these are too vulgar for our author. In the midst of his punch the unfortunate young man, "in obedience to a sudden impulse, which seemed whimsical enough, but which was no doubt directly communicated to him by the finger of fate, sprang to his feet and loudly demanded that his horse be brought out." The darkness of this night has been described in big words out of respect to the heroine. It is described in scarcely less fine language to do honour to this drunken cock-fighting heir to a bank and a baronetcy. There was at first a brown film, which thickened until it pervaded the heavens like a pall of smoke. "It was neither cloud nor fog, but seemed rather a new quality in the air, depriving it of its transparency." Such was the strength either of the finger of fate or of the punch, that through this "mysterious darkening" the young man galloped "with no more anxiety about losing his way than if he had been a planet with a preordained and inevitable orbit."

Mr. Hawthorne has of course other resources besides superstition. Thus he attempts more than once to give a sketch of life as it was in England in the latter half of last century and the early years of this century. The mistakes into which he falls are strange enough. It is a pity that when he turns to historical writing those presentiments do not visit him that visit the characters of his own creation. The blunder is comparatively trifling which makes Mrs. Siddons still regularly on the stage in the year 1816. Far more serious is the error into which he falls when he says that, as the eighteenth century culminated, "Dibdin wrote songs to encourage Nelson's sailors; Wilkes was synonymous with liberty." Long before Nelson had become famous Wilkes had ceased to be a Wilkesite, and liberty had become yoked with even stranger names than his. Passing over other mistakes, we hasten on to Mr. Hawthorne's crowning blunder. He is describing the career of an English officer, the heroine's father. "England," he writes, "still had need of her best men, and Major Lockhart was among those who were responsible for the imprisonment of the Corsican Ogre in St. Helena. It was between this period and the sudden storm that culminated at Waterloo that the happiest time of all the married life of the Lockharts was passed." So, according to our author, a man who was killed at Waterloo was one of the guards over Napoleon in St. Helena. If Mr. Hawthorne's choice lay between writing history and the nonsense of superstition, let him stick by all means to his old women's tales, though they may be a hundred times told. Presentiments, silly and tiresome though they are, are better than the gross ignorance or carelessness, however much an affectation of learning may be spread over it, which sends Napoleon to St. Helena before the battle of Waterloo. But our author, we are convinced, is not thus limited in his choice. He has other resources besides those of ignorance and of folly. In this very novel he shows in many scenes considerable power. He might, we are sure, write a story that would please even those who do not happen to be silly. If only he will honestly make the attempt, he may count on receiving from us the fullest sympathy and the steadiest support.

CHRISTCHURCH, DUBLIN.*

IT is not always the case that a folio so sumptuous in its typography, and full of illustrations so graceful as those which Mr. Brewer has contributed, should also be remarkable for the solid value of its contents. This is however praise which may be safely given to the monograph which has recently appeared

* *Christchurch Cathedral, Dublin: an Account of the Restoration.* By G. E. Street, R.A. With an Historical Sketch of the Cathedral, by E. Seymour, Precentor; and a Dedication by Sir Theodore Martin. London: Sutton Sharpe & Co. 1882.

on the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, or Christchurch, in Dublin. The volume is the work of more than one author, the historical section being due to Mr. Seymour, Precentor of the Cathedral, while the architectural description was written shortly before his death by Mr. Street, among whose greatest triumphs may be reckoned this restoration, combined with the construction of the adjacent Synod Hall for the Church of Ireland. It was a deserved compliment to the munificent restorer, Mr. Roe, to employ Sir Theodore Martin's graceful pen upon the dedication, but it was going a little too far to advertise so short a contribution as if its writer was the third author of the book in partnership with Mr. Seymour and Mr. Street.

Christchurch, in Dublin, was the elder of the two Cathedrals which, by an exceptional privilege, the Archbishop of that city possessed, and it was also in its original design the more beautiful, but by some fatality St. Patrick's seemed continually destined to be the more prosperous institution, possibly because it attracted the susceptible men of Dublin by bearing so popular a name. Christchurch at last lost its two special distinctions, of being the seat of the Law Courts when the cold but almost stately building on the Quays in which they are now held was constructed in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and of being the Viceroy's appointed place of worship when the Viceregal Chapel was built in 1814 within the Castle precincts. The Roman Catholics, too, while maintaining a duplicate Chapter of St. Patrick's, have quite lost sight of Christchurch. How low it had fallen architecturally, and how wonderfully it has recovered youth and beauty, can hardly be realized by any one who had not studied it in its unrestored condition of neglected squalor. Fragments of beautiful design were there, including the north side of the nave with its aisle; but where there should have been arcade and aisle to the south, the visitor only saw a naked hideous wall battering out on the exterior like a railway embankment, for the old work had been crushed by the fall of the roof in Elizabeth's reign, and had been thus unworthily replaced; the choir was a long, low, shapeless apartment, with a twist in the middle, bedizened with details of Strawberry Hill Gothic, and choked with pews and galleries of exceptional meanness. But we are forestalling. Mr. Seymour's history does not record any of those crises in Church or State which have made the history of many a mediæval cathedral famous and picturesque. But still many of the events which he narrates are interesting to the historian or the ecclesiologist. The chief mediæval authority for the narrative is the so-called Black Book of Christchurch, a manuscript of the fourteenth century. Dublin, as every one knows, was a Danish settlement, and the conversion of the Danes is fixed in 943. Hard hit as they were by Brian Boru at the battle of Clontarf in 1014, they recovered the blow; and their King Sitric founded Christchurch in 1038, as a church of Secular Canons. The well-known Archbishop St. Lawrence O'Toole, contemporary with Strongbow's conquest, transformed this into one of the Arroensian Canons (a branch of the Austin Canons). The era of Strongbow, who was buried within the church, was marked by the building of the steeple, east end, and Lady Chapel. At the beginning of the thirteenth century the nave was built, and in 1299 Boniface VIII. settled the dispute between Christchurch and the Collegiate Church of St. Patrick by declaring both to be Cathedrals, but giving the priority to the former one. Archbishop John de St. Paul in the fourteenth century took down the apse and replaced it by the long and crooked choir, 102 feet in length, with its square east end. The east window was blown in in 1461, and the steeple blown down in 1536. Archbishop Browne, the first reformed Archbishop, burnt a famous relic called the Baculus Christi. In 1538 the constitution was changed into one of Dean and Canons, these including Precentor, Chancellor, Treasurer, and Archdeacon of Dublin, and three other Canons; in fact, the *corpus* of a Cathedral of the old foundation. The dignitaries were to be appointed by the Crown and the other members to be co-opted. All through its later history there seems to have lingered about Christchurch—in theory, at least—a memory of the old constitution of cathedrals elsewhere unknown. James I. in 1604 made further provision by charter for the working staff by the creation of three Canonical Prebendal Priests and six Vicars Choral in addition to choristers. Still the Cathedral laboured under chronic impecuniosity, so that from 1681 till the virtual extinction of the see by its absorption into the archiepiscopal one of Dublin the Deanery of Christchurch was consolidated with the Bishopric of Kildare. The fatal fall of the roof, which ruined the south side of the nave, took place in 1562, and the final collapse of the old steeple was in 1588. Bramhall, writing to Laud in 1633, complains that the "vaults" from one end to the other are turned into tipping-rooms, while the table for the administration of the Blessed Sacrament in the midst of the choir is made an ordinary seat for maids and apprentices. This complaint shows that up to this date the Puritan position of the Lord's Table prevailed in this Cathedral. With unknown Bishops of Kildare at Christchurch and Swift at St. Patrick's, it is no wonder that the latter Cathedral was during the earlier years of the last century the more prominent institution. But on April 13, 1742, Christchurch had a great triumph, for on that day within its walls took place the first performance of Handel's *Messiah*.

At last in 1871, on the morrow of disestablishment, Christchurch seems to have reached the depth of misery and to be indeed on the point of an extinction which might be at the best moral, and at the worst material also. The building was tottering with decay made hideous by degrading patchings, and the institution effete. The

reductions of the Temporalities Act had made one new Dean of Dublin out of the two old Deans, so killing the independent collegiate feeling in the less prosperous partner. The rival Cathedral of St. Patrick had recently been set on its legs by a restoration, very questionable in point of taste, for the donor would be his own architect, but most munificent, at the hands of Sir Benjamin Guinness. In the unlucky plan put forward by Lord Derby's Commission in the vain hope of saving the Establishment by starving it, the Archbishopric of Dublin was to have been reduced to a bishopric, and Christchurch to the status of a parish church. When all human help seemed hopeless, relief came from the single-handed generosity of a private Churchman. On March 31, 1871, a letter reached the Synod from Mr. Roe, the eminent distiller, offering to restore Christchurch. Mr. Roe's only wish was to do the work well, so he selected Mr. Street as his architect. Then a question arose about a Synod Hall for the Irish Church in connexion with this Cathedral, and the Duke of Leinster was at the cost of procuring a plan from Mr. Street, and of that Synod Hall also Mr. Roe constituted himself donor, and at a later time contributed a very liberal endowment towards the maintenance of choral worship. The knot was cut of the ancient rivalry between Christchurch and St. Patrick by the separation of the latter from the see of Dublin, and its being constituted a "national Cathedral" for the whole Irish Church, or, in other words, a sort of Westminster Abbey, Christchurch remaining the mother church of the diocese, while the diocesan, the Archbishop of Dublin, was moreover to be Dean of Christchurch.

This brings us to Mr. Street's work, and to his description of it in the latter half of the volume. The difficulties with which he was confronted were both constructive and decorative; and at first there was nothing which more afflicted him than the long but hideous and hopeless choir, with the Lady Chapel to the north-east. Fortunately his attention was directed to the crypt, and by its guiding he found that the eastern limb of the Cathedral used to be very short, and to end in a three-sided apse with eastern aisles and three square-ended chapels. To restore this arrangement would be essentially to shorten the Cathedral, but in all other respects to enhance beyond dispute its dignity and beauty as well as its usability. So bolder counsels prevailed. The Norman transept resumed its proper character by the rebuilding of the northern limb; and the southern side of the nave, with its aisle, reappeared after more than three hundred years. The vaulted roofs were reinstated. Indications were found of a beautiful chapel to the north of the nave, and that was reconstructed, though shifted by one bay, as baptistery. The west front was recreated, and an uncommonly modern steeple has given place to one of irreproachable design. Of tiles, pavements, painted glass, and so forth, one need not speak; for, in one word, all that ought to be in the Cathedral is to be found there.

The general style of the restored building—excepting only the Norman transept—is now the developed First Pointed of the nave. It would be impossible to praise too highly that combination of triforium and clerestory which had survived on the north side of the nave, to be of course reproduced in the south arcade, and to reappear with due modifications in the apse. We shall not attempt to describe its exquisite proportions; but the general design consists of a recessed bay, of which the lower story is a trifoliate triplet, the outer lights being plain lancets and the central one very slightly elevated and trefoiled. Continuous shafts support a veil-wall, presenting to the interior an unequal triplet, the central member being trefoiled. Externally there is no sign of this arrangement, but the clerestory is composed of unequal unfoliated triplets. After all, the internal feature which will probably most attract the tourist's attention will be the Choir Screen of stone and marble, surmounted by a copy of the famous Cross of Cong. Mr. Street was treading on sure ground when he enriched the Cathedral with this feature, for the high Chancel Screen had been declared legal by Dr. Lushington in regard to that of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, in the suit of *Westerton v. Liddell*, and on the appeal being carried to the Judicial Committee, their Lordships in 1857 sanctioned also the cross with which it was surmounted. So the presence of this construction was one of the things which conduced, as Mr. Street records with humorous exultation, to the compliment paid to him by the late Dr. A. J. Stephens, who declared that it was the most legal church he had ever seen, implying of course that Mr. Street had not spared the introduction of any ornament which was legal. Still the Puritan mind of Protestant Ireland was not satisfied, and a fierce onslaught was made upon the Cross, and indeed upon the Screen itself, in the Synod of the Irish Church. This was felt to be a turning-point in its career, for the real question was whether the Church would succumb to or throw off an oppressive and intolerant Puritanism. Happily, its counsels were guided by the wide and sagacious statesmanship of a prelate who has done more than any other man to steer the ship in safety through numberless perils. In face of what seemed at first certain defeat, Archbishop Beresford of Armagh, Primate of All Ireland, by his tact and readiness, induced the Synod to accept both Screen and Cross. Apart from other considerations, the removal of this feature would have brought the remarkable shortness of the eastern limb into distressing prominence, and wholly detracted from the cathedral-like aspect which the whole pile now presents.

It was fortunate for the architect that a disused church, hard by Christchurch, was fixed upon as the most convenient spot for the Synod Hall, and still more fortunate that a street separated it from

the Cathedral; for Mr. Street was thus driven, not from fancy but from necessity, to connect the two structures by a covered bridge of bold pitch, while the mass of buildings, old and new, results in that complex picturesqueness which is absent from the noblest of minsters when it is left in accidental or premeditated isolation.

CAMPBELL'S SOPHOCLES.*

AS Greek is more and more ousted from schools by Chemistry and German, the poetry of Greece seems to acquire new interest for the public. This, at least, is the conclusion we must come to, if we believe so far in political economy as to suppose that the supply is regulated by the demand. Greek plays have lately been acted in the English and American Universities, and translations from the Greek are constantly being published. Mr. Whitelaw has just offered us the plays of Sophocles in verse, and now the same gift is presented to the world by Professor Campbell, of St. Andrews. Professor Jebb, too, has in hand a translation of Sophocles in prose, and when that is published people will have their choice between the two different ways of rendering the ancient dramas. "Tell us what they thought, none of your silly poetry," was, according to Professor Campbell, "the rough demand" of Mr. Carlyle. We confess to some sympathy with Carlyle's request for a literal rendering, though we are very far from calling Professor Campbell's poetry "silly." On the other hand, his book may be read with ease and pleasure. His blank verse appears to be based on a study of Shakspeare, and has happy moments and forcible turns of expression. The lyric measures into which he renders all but the more "gnomic" and reflective passages of the choruses are simple, but frequently musical. He is often wonderfully successful in preserving almost a literal rendering in his lyric measures. Curious as it may seem, he is almost more literal (and therefore more valuable and serviceable) in his lyrics than in his blank verse. This literalness, combined with sound scholarship and agreeable and melodious versification in the choruses, is, to our mind, the chief and pre-eminent merit of Professor Campbell's translation. As to his scholarship, the renderings of a professional student who has been for many years familiar with all the printed texts and manuscripts of Sophocles is out of the critical range of the irresponsible reviewer. Two very young gentlemen lately criticized, with much asperity, the conduct of the Belt case and of the Egyptian campaign, in the presence of the most distinguished lawyer and the most successful soldier of the day. We do not intend to imitate their rashness by measuring our opinion on questions of scholarship against that of Professor Campbell.

Without scaling such heights of audacity, we may venture to point out what to us seem examples of Professor Campbell's strength and of his weakness. He urges in his preface that "for tragic dialogue in English, blank verse appeared a more natural and effective vehicle than any prose style which he could hope to frame." Undoubtedly English blank verse is the proper substitute for the Greek tragic measures. But he who tries to follow Sophocles thus closely attempts an adventure of the most extraordinary difficulty. The magic and the charm of the style of Sophocles, the musical variety of his verse, are almost as remarkable as the qualities of his thought. Now who can write blank verse which does not lose terribly by comparison with the Greek? Perhaps Mr. Swinburne alone among contemporaries might hope to produce dramatic blank verse of analogous character. Every translator of Sophocles into verse thus puts himself into comparison with what is incomparable. We may select as a fair example of Professor Campbell's style the conclusion of the famous soliloquy of Aias before he falls on his sword:—

Last, thou that driv'st thy course
Up yon steep Heaven, thou Sun, when thou beholdest
My fatherland, checking thy golden rein,
Report my fall, and this my fatal end,
To my old sire, and the poor soul who tends him.
Ah, hapless one! when she shall hear this word,
How she will make the city ring with woe!
'Twere from the business idly to condole.
To work, then, and despatch. O Death! O Death!
Now come, and welcome! Yet with thee, hereafter,
I shall find close communion where I go.
But unto thee, fresh beam of shining Day,
And thee, thou travelling Sun-god, I may speak
Now, and no more for ever. O fair light!
O sacred fields of Salamis my home!
Thou, firm-set natal hearth: Athens renowned,
And ye her people whom I love; O rivers,
Brooks, fountains here—yea, even the Trojan plain
I now invoke!—kind fosterers, farewell!
This one last word from Aias peals to you:
Henceforth my speech will be with souls unseen.

Throughout this passage the current of the Greek lines is sometimes broken off in the middle in the English rendering. Thus *οὐδ' ὁ τὸν αἰπὺν οὐρανὸν διφρηλατῶν* becomes—

Thou that driv'st thy course
Up yon steep Heaven.

And later we read,

ὦ θάνατε, θάνατε, νῦν μ' ἐπίσκειναι μολὼν
καίτοι σὲ μὲν κακεὶ προσανθίσσω ζῶντων.

* *Sophocles. In English Verse.* By Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

To our mind the first part were better kept compact, as in the Greek, in a single line. Professor Campbell has

O Death! O Death!
Come now and welcome! Yet with thee, hereafter,
I shall find close communion where I go.

We would venture, with all diffidence, to suggest that the full force of the passage is not preserved in this rendering. Aias bids Death come and look on him *now*, and then, with a sudden change of fancy, says there will be plenty of time for that in the other world, and turns his thought to the sunlight which he is soon to behold no more. Of course this sense is present in Professor Campbell's lines; but it is not, we think, brought so vividly to the understanding of the English reader as in Mr. Whitelaw's version:—

O death, death, death, come now and look on me,
Nay rather—for I shall commune *there* with thee—
This present radiance of the shining day
Now I invoke.

We prefer "the charioted sun" to the "travelling sun" as a translations of *δαφνευτήν* "Ἡλιον." Perhaps a more literal rendering of the last line,

τὰ δ' ἅλλ' ἐν Ἄιδου τοῖς κάτω μνήσομαι,

might have been attained than

Henceforth my speech will be with souls unseen;

such as

The rest I'll tell in Hades to the dead;

or, as Mr. Whitelaw has it,

To ghosts in Hades shall the rest be said.

Even if we are right in these criticisms, it would probably be impossible to better Professor Campbell's

To work, then, and despatch,

for

ἅλλ' ἄρκτον τὸ πᾶγμα σὺν τάχει τι.

Another passage of great merit is that in which the mysterious voice of a God calls Œdipus away from Colonus and the world. In a sense, and of course with a difference, the passage may remind us of the closing scene of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*:—

But when the sounds
Of lamentation had subsided there
And silence reigned, a sudden voice was heard
That urged him onward, making each man's hair
Bristle on end with force of instant fear.
Now here, now there, repeated oftentimes,
A God's voice summoned him. "Ho! Œdipus,
Why thus delay our going? This long while
We are stayed for and thou linger'st. Come away!"

It may be objected that "there" and "hair" rhyme, and that something is lost by the omission of *ταῦτος*, which gives a mysterious terror to "the voice of one that summoned." We miss something too of that strange repeated cry—

ὦ οὗτος, οὗτος Οἰδίπους, τί μέλλομεν
χρᾶν;

in Professor Campbell's "Ho, Œdipus, Why thus delay our going?"

But fault-finding is easy work, especially in a task so almost impossible as the translation of all this majestic passage, so full of the supernatural, in which there is no common fear, but a mingling of pity and wonder, and even of awful joy.

The two famous choruses in the *Antigone* Professor Campbell does not try to represent in rhyming verse. He is more fortunate with *Πολλὰ τὰ δευὰ* than with *Ἔρως ἀνίκαιε μάχαν*, which is indeed not to be reproduced by any skill in English lyric form. We quote, as a fair example of his success in rhyming lyric measures, the end of the first chorus of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*:—

And swiftly speed afar,
Windborne on backward car,
The unshielded War-god with loud onset sweeping,
To oarless Thracian tide,
Or ocean-chambers wide,
Where Amphitrité lone her couch is keeping.
Day ruins what night spares. O thou whose hand
Wields lightning, blast him with thy thundering brand!
Shower from the golden string
Thine arrows, Lycian King!
O Phæbe, let thy fiery lances fly
Resistless, as they rove
Through Xanthus' mountain-grove!
O Theban Bacchus of the lustrous eye,
With torch and trooping Mænads and bright crown
Blaze on the god whom all in Heaven disown.

Professor Campbell has done more for the English reader than merely to offer him a translation as readable as any that exists—to our mind more readable on the whole than any on which we have ventured. He has written a short, but terse and valuable, preface, which ought to be of the greatest service to readers who do not know Greek and are anxious to understand those boasted and difficult works of the old world. The modern world is full of the prose and verse of young men and maidens who have created a fantastic Hellas to their own mind, an Arcady of happy and highly immoral Greeks, always "blithe," and never sick or sorry. We lately came across a volume of verse almost entirely on classical subjects, in which "Æolus" was made to rhyme to "control us," and false quantities are as common as blackberries among the writings of our modern enthusiasts for Hellas who do not know Greek. Professor Campbell's preface is a lesson to

these sweet enthusiasts and their followers. Beauty, as he says, "is by no means the sole nor even the chief attribute of the greatest writings." He quotes the admirable saying of Hegel, that the brightness of the Greeks was "not child's play, but covers a sadness which knows the hardness of fate; but is not by that knowledge driven out of freedom and measure." "Far from being naïve naturalists after the Keats fashion, the Greek tragic poets," says Professor Campbell, "had succeeded to a pessimistic reaction from simple Pagan enjoyment; they were surrounded by gloomy questionings about human destiny and Divine Justice, and they replied by looking steadily at the facts of life, and asserting the supreme worth of innocence, equity, and mercy." Yes; life was not all wine and kottabos with the Greeks of the great age. Religion, conduct, fate, "wonder concerning human life, and admiration for nobleness in the unfortunate" were the stuff their drama was made of. We are here tempted to dispute with Professor Campbell on the influence of the Eleusinian worship on the mythology and religion of the dramatists. If Æschylus is truly reported to have said that he never was initiated nor went near the mysteries, he at least could have owed them little. And we doubt whether there was anything to owe or to know. However, these things may sleep in the *Aglaophamus* of Lobek. Professor Campbell's preface, especially the criticism of Sophocles, should be read and re-read by students of the poet. The printer, of course, has called Dionysus "Dionysius" (p. 11). Printers always insist on that alteration, which gives them apparently so much enjoyment that we can hardly grudge them the freak. Professor Campbell's Sophocles may be read with pleasure and profit even by people acquainted with the original, and the English reader will not find in verse a better translation.

HOPLEY'S SERPENT LIFE.*

FOR ten years or more Miss Hopley has been bravely struggling against the timidity or the prejudices of publishers to get a hearing for what she has to say upon the curiosities and wonders of snake life, a department of natural history associated in most people's minds with ideas of terror or disgust. Originally drawn towards this abhorred or despised branch of study by an inherited love of all things in nature, fostered by the warmth of early years among the teeming swamps and gorgeous flora of Virginia and Florida, where many a risk from the deadly "moccasin," the "black racer," or the whip snake, lent a degree of fascination to the adventure, she felt the desire to recount for the amusement of juvenile readers the chief lessons she had learnt about snakes in the course of her American rambles. The book thus contemplated was to form a supplement to her little work on *American Pets*, which had already met with a highly encouraging reception. In no wise daunted by the chilling reception of her first literary essay by first one and then another literary house, Miss Hopley prosecuted her chosen study, gaining a fresh stimulus from the novel exhibition of domesticated snakes by Mr. Mann of Chelsea, made popular by Mr. Frank Buckland. The reptile house at the Zoological Gardens, with the lectures annually delivered there, became her favourite haunt, and the literature of serpent life the theme in which her energies found absorbing occupation, in spite of impaired health and grievous family troubles. Her original tentative sketch was discarded for a work more ambitious in design and scope. While feeling the pulse or seeking to disarm the prepossessions of publishers and the reading public by occasional magazine articles, she was encouraged by the kindly aid of Professors Owen and Flower, Dr. Günther of the British Museum, and other friends, to embody the results of much loving toil in what she modestly terms her little volume of *Ophidianna*, or "snake gossip." Criticism is disarmed by her ingenuous admission that, with no scientific knowledge whatever to start with, she has had to grope her way unaided, plodding over technicalities which in themselves were studies. That she has spared no pains to win the confidence of her readers is sufficiently shown by the list of authorities from whom she has drawn her materials, making up as it does a fairly exhaustive catalogue of ophidian literature, and putting into the hands of those who would proceed to a more scientific study of the subject a ready guide to such special information as they may seek. The earlier bibliography of the subject was summed up in Schlegel's *Essai sur la Physionomie des Serpents*, issued in 1837, and published in an abridged English translation by Dr. Thomas Stewart Traill in 1843. In ophiology, Germany, through the labours of Lenz, Hermann, Eifel, and other naturalists, kept far in advance of England, as did also America, where the researches of Holbrook, Emmons, De Kay, and Weir Mitchell were made known within a few years of each other. Dr. Cantor in India, Dr. Andrew Smith in South Africa, Drs. Gray, Günther, and P. H. Gosse in England added much to the wealth of ophidian literature, *The Reptiles of British India*, by Dr. Günther, making a special advance in the year 1864, followed by Krefft's *Snakes of Australia* in 1869, Nicholson's *Indian Snakes* in 1870, and culminating in Sir Joseph Fayrer's magnificent *Thanatophidia of India* in 1872. From this wide range of natural history—Mr. Ruskin's well-known lecture yielding materials for the study of snakes from the figurative, the metaphysical, or the artistic point of view—Miss Hopley has put together,

* *Snakes: Curiosities and Wonders of Serpent Life*. By Catherine C. Hopley, Author of "Sketches of the Ophidians" &c. London: Griffith & Farran. 1882.

not so much a systematic treatise, as a series of popular sketches illustrative of this branch of zoology. For the woodcuts which add clearness and beauty to her descriptions she has borrowed in some cases from Günther's and Fayer's valuable works. Others have been reproduced by Mr. A. T. Elwes from her own sketches of natural specimens, her object being rather to exemplify the leading features of nature than to attract the reader's eye by brilliantly figured examples.

How little heed has been given by Miss Hopley to scientific arrangement may be judged from her starting with a chapter on how snakes feed, prompted in great measure by her own observations in the field and in the Zoological Gardens. The habit of gorging live prey of enormous size in proportion to the bulk of the ophidian gives indeed an opportunity of discussing thus early certain of the most characteristic points of anatomical structure in the serpent tribe. In their manner of feeding, snakes may be divided into three classes—those which kill their prey by constriction or smothering it in the coils of their body; those that use their venom; and those which, like the ring snake and other lesser kinds, swallow it alive, a quick process of suffocation. Our author shows us *Coluber natrix*, its head no bigger than a filbert, preparing to gorge a frog nearly full grown and kicking for bare life—such a mouthful as a shoulder of mutton might be in the jaws of a dog. Sticking its teeth into the frog's side, the lithe little snake twists him round, getting the big head into its mouth, the jaws gaping by virtue of the peculiar anatomy distinctive of the whole ophidian family, as Miss Hopley sets forth in Professor Owen's graphic language. The mouth can be opened both laterally and transversely, as in insects, and vertically, as in the case of other vertebrates. The six jawbones are four above and two below, each of which can be protruded or retracted independently of the others. Being set too close together, as well as too slight, in pressure, to inflict a wound, the fine claw-shaped teeth merely retain the prey, while they serve like hands to turn it round to the most convenient position for swallowing. The head and jaws are capable of enormous stretching for this purpose, all the bones being, in common language, loose—that is, not consolidated like the head-bones of higher animals, but united by ligaments so elastic as to enable them to separate in the process of deglutition. This is the case not only with the jaws, but also with the palate, which is itself armed with teeth, two rows extending backwards, the teeth throughout being long, fine, recurved, and close set, adapted for grasping and holding, but in no wise for dividing or masticating. The lower jaw or mandible, being formed by a pair of bones connected in front by an elastic ligament which enables them to move independently and to separate widely, is joined to the skull by an extra tympanic bone—not found in mammals, though present in birds—forming an elbow, and permitting the wide expansion of the throat required for the passage of such large undivided prey. The victim having been caught and held, one jaw is then unfixed, the teeth of that jaw being withdrawn and pushed forward, to be struck further back upon the prey, whilst another jaw is being unfixed, protruded, and reattached; and so with the rest in succession. The prey being thus rolled round is seized by the muscles of the throat and drawn down by the continuous action of the constricted pharynx, deglutition being greatly facilitated by the abundant supply of saliva which lubricates the troublesome coating of feathers or fur. The lubrication, be it understood, is due merely to the natural secretions of the mouth, in which process the tongue, contrary to the vulgar impression, performs no part at all. The salivary apparatus of snakes is highly complicated, forming another peculiar feature of their organization, even the nasal and lacrymary glands, as pointed out by Schlegel, pouring their superfluous secretions through small canals into the mouth, and being excited by hunger or the sight of food. Having its palate covered with such an armoury of teeth, the snake can have but a slight sense of taste; which may yet turn to its advantage, as our author suggests, seeing that it has to bolt its prey whole—hair, feathers, fur, dust, and what not—with but poor enjoyment of the meal. Hence, too, it may be, the snake's habit of eating so seldom, and doing it so thoroughly when once taking the trouble of feeding. In illustration of this dulness of the sense of taste, coupled with the great excess of mucous secretions, there is quoted the well-known instance of the boa at the Zoological Gardens swallowing its blanket in mistake for a rabbit, and returning it after some days drawn out and constricted into a slimy roll, described by Mr. F. Buckland as a long flannel sausage. Such is the accommodating nature of their multiform ribs, as well as of their palatal apparatus, that snakes habitually seize and devour prey whose bulk far exceeds their own, doubling the victim up in their stomachs. Mr. H. W. Bates found in a jararaca an amphibious larger than itself, and in another snake a lizard exceeding itself in size. That they swallow birds' eggs, questioned as it frequently is in zoological journals, is a fact sufficiently attested. A gentleman long resident in India told the writer of his having found in his henhouse a cobra gorged with eggs, which he extracted, cutting up the reptile, and replaced them under the mother, they being in due time hatched none the worse. The Indian name of the Ophiophagus (*Sunkerkhor*) means, as Fayer writes, breaker of shells. There is indeed a toothless snake, the *Anodon*, whose business, says Professor Owen, is to restrain the undue increase of small birds by devouring their eggs. The eggs pass unbroken until they are crushed by contact with certain gular teeth far back in the throat or gullet. This structure is

specially described by the Professor as well as by Dr. Andrew Smith in the case of the rough tree snake (*Deirodon scaber*). Why snakes should devour egg-shells seems to have been somewhat of a puzzle to Miss Hopley. She might have found some answer in the natural need of lime amongst all animals with a bony skeleton. Snakes' eggs themselves, it is true, have no hard shells, though there is to be seen a slight calcareous element in the tough leathery envelope that covers them.

In her chapter on the Incubation of Snakes Miss Hopley has brought together an abundance of facts from her own observations and those of distinguished naturalists, disposing of many points which have been keenly disputed. The long-vexed question, "Do snakes refuge their young?" is also decided, on evidence that may well be thought unimpeachable, in favour of the traditional belief, though often laughed at, as stated by Sir Thomas Browne, that "the young ones will upon any fright for protection run into the belly of the Dam." Do snakes drink? is another query to be no more put in face of observant witnesses like our author, who certify to having seen reptiles of various species lap with their tongue and swallow both water and milk, though but rarely, the process having furthermore been scientifically explained by Dumeril, Lenz, and Schlegel. Some doubt may attach to Pliny's snakes which "showed a great liking for wine"; but the Milk-snake (*Coluber eximius*), the Racer, and the Whipster are too well-known as plagues of the American dairy to be relegated off-hand to the realm of fable. Miss Hopley has counted "Lizzie," one of her many ophidian pets, a common blindworm (*Anguis fragilis*), dipping her little bifid tongue in water over seventy times twice running, leaving the thirsty creature still drinking. The same favourite, named from her lizard-like nature, well deserves the special chapter devoted to her in this book, her gentle and innocent ways setting in a highly interesting light many of the most characteristic features and habits of snake life, her twining and constricting powers rivalling, in proportion to her tiny bulk, the giant Anaconda, and her quickness in impressions of sight and sound dissipating the reproach of blindness and deafness immemorably attaching to the poor slowworm. The habits of climbing, of burrowing, and of shedding the skin have formed themes of loving study with Miss Hopley, whose close and conscientious observation of serpent life gives her book a value far beyond that of a mere compilation from what writers of more scientific pretensions have thought and said upon the subject. The tongue of a snake and its uses, the apparatus for breathing and swallowing, as well as the hissing distinctive of this class of reptile, and the tail, especially the rattle which gives its name to the popularly best-known family, are points in the anatomy and habits of her favourites which she brings carefully under review and clears of much popular misapprehension and prejudice. The snakes of fiction and of fact are well kept apart, as are also pelagic and sea-snakes; whilst our old friend the great sea-serpent has his existence and place in natural history discussed without fear or favour. On the venoms of snakes Miss Hopley has with no less pains brought together the results of the widest and most careful research, with the conclusion, in which all qualified experts are agreed, disappointing as it may be to popular expectation, that nothing of the nature of a true antidote has yet been found.

VENICE ILLUSTRATED.*

IN most things we find that the world comes back sooner or later to the creed of its fathers. After all that has been said and painted of Venice during the last hundred years, it is amusing to find in a modern work like this of M. Gourdault's half the etchings taken from the old-fashioned pictures of Francesco Guardi. We do not know why it is that the author has not equally laid the Canaletti under contribution; the Venetian views of uncle and nephew are as charming as ever, and sometimes more accurate than Guardi's. It is in vain that Mr. Ruskin has poured out on this school of painters the vials of that sarcasm of which he holds the patent. In vain has he told us, in one of those sentences of his which bite into the memory, that Antonio "in painting water sagaciously covers the whole space of it with a coat of opaque sea-green, adorned with small concave white touches, very properly symbolical of ripple"; in vain has he pointed out that "the mannerism of Bellotto is among the most degraded in the whole range of art." These pictures, so justly stigmatized for certain indubitable faults, continue to hold their empire over us, and to exercise an indefinable fascination. The fact is that, with all their odd tone and black shadows, they remain more like Venice as the ordinary traveller sees and remembers it than the more brilliant and artistic views of later painters. The peculiar charm of Venice must reveal itself differently to each individual spectator; and, if he is a man of fine perceptions and delicate observation, it is very possible that he may be rather offended than pleased by a too florid or emotional painting of the subject. He is perplexed by this rosy drawing of the island-church of San Giorgio in Alga, for did not he see it on a memorable occasion dead-white against a stormy sky? To a visitor in this mood the sober, semi-topographical paintings of Guardi and Canaletto will give no offence; he can

* *A travers Venise.* Par Jules Gourdault. Ouvrage illustré de nombreuses gravures dans le texte, et de 13 eaux-fortes. Librairie de l'Art.

himself add to their sombre commonplace the sunlight and the colour of poetry.

Towards the beginning of the present century two great Englishmen saw Venice, under circumstances which deeply excited them, and translated it, each into his own art, in a language which certainly has warped the judgment of Europe not a little since their time. We owe a great deal of the emphasis in literature and painting which has been expended on the description of Venice to Shelley and to Turner. A thousand imitators have only stereotyped the raptures of the one and of the other. No later description of sunrise over Venice has approached that marvellous passage in the "Lines written among the Euganean Hills":—

Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, town, and dome, and spire
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies.

No later brush has equalled the magic brilliance of such pictures as "The Dogana" in our National Gallery. It is too often forgotten that we have no opportunity of judging how Turner would have seen fit to reproduce his impressions of Venice if he had happened to visit it in the plenitude of his inspiration. It was not until 1833, when he was already, if not in the decline of his artistic ability, at least in the too brilliant development of his last hectic manner, that he painted his first picture of Venice. There are some earlier sketches in existence, in which the colouring is much more sober than in his well-known paintings, the blue sky not so effulgent, the "radiant mystery," which Mr. Ruskin has so often dwelt upon, not so vague and rainbow-coloured, the general tone not so fiery and opalescent. It is perhaps permissible to admit the beauty and audacity of Turner's views of Venice, and yet to hold that the extravagance of his vision has introduced a bad element into later representations of the city. He himself at the last scaled what his admirers call "heights of chromatic daring" which surpass what ordinary mortals have ever seen on sea or land, and we really turn with some prosaic satisfaction from these bewildering "arrangements" to the sober records of Guardi. At all events, these latter are far better adapted for book-illustration than Turner's jewelled mazes, and we are not surprised to find a writer like M. Gourdault falling back upon them.

M. Gourdault's thirteen etchings, which form the principal staple of his handsome volume, are by very various hands. One of the pleasantest, because the subject is unhackneyed, is the first, a "Souvenir de Venise," by the veteran etcher and painter, M. Léon Gaucherel. It represents one of the narrow side canals, where there is always shadow sharply defined, and where the perspective of the walls seems to be always very abrupt, because so very near to the eye. It is round the corners of these narrow water-ways that the gondoliers shoot with so bewildering a dexterity, and shout to one another with their peculiar high clear note. M. Gaucherel is an old illustrator of Italian scenes. Fifty years ago he was wandering over the peninsula in company with his master, Viollet le Duc, and engraving and etching countless studies of architecture and archeology. He has been an artist on the staff of *L'Art* ever since the foundation of that enterprising periodical. M. Gourdault's second etching opens the series of reproductions from Guardi. This, "La Piazzetta," is also etched by M. Gaucherel, and while it is very spirited in its distribution of light and shade, is almost too successful in rendering some of Guardi's faults—for example, the awkward form and disproportionate size of the figures which he introduces. The exaggerated blackness of the shadow on the column on the right-hand side would provoke a sardonic smile from Mr. Ruskin. The next Guardi, the "Piazza San Marco," a much more attractive painting, has been etched by M. P. Teyssonnières—a son, we suppose, of the well-known Albigen engraver, who has now retired from the practice of his art. If the etching is by a young hand, as we conjecture, it is of much promise. The tone of the campanile against the sky is very cleverly rendered, and the cluster of domes and pinnacles forming St. Mark's not less so. But here, again, Guardi's absurd groups of figures have been treated only too respectfully by the etcher, and the consequence is that some of them seem on the point of knocking their heads against the keystone of the arcade on the left-hand side.

The bronze gates of the Sacristy of St. Mark's, covered with reliefs from the hand of Sansovino, have been etched by M. Greux. We are not sure that the skill of the well-known interpreter of the Old Masters is not wasted on such a subject as this. A less talent than that of M. Greux was requisite to give us a plain rendering of a simple, straightforward piece of sculptural decoration. This is one of the cases where clever French draughtsmanship seems to us out of place. What we want to be reminded of in the engraving of an antiquity of this kind is not the talent of the engraver, but the exact nature of the original. This is the sort of occasion on which we judge that a photograph, or a mechanical reproduction from a photograph, would answer our purpose better than an artistic etching. The general impression of the gates would not in the latter case have been so agreeable to the eye,

but we should have been able to follow Sansovino's intention with a great deal more certainty. The same would perhaps hold of M. Gaucherel's etching of the "Monument to Colleone," if this did not lend itself to a much more picturesque rendering, and were not so very charming a piece of etching pure and simple. M. Gaucherel has done few pieces of work more refined than this, yet in its delicacy and *chic* it lacks nothing of strength. The way in which the black iron railing round the foot of the monument is put in, so as to give force to the projection of the monument itself, is exceedingly skillful. On the whole, this is perhaps the best etching in the volume. M. Gaucherel also gives us, on a much enlarged scale, the famous equestrian statue by Leopardi which crowns this monument to Colleone; but his bronze is perhaps a trifle less satisfactory than his marble.

We return to M. Greux in another reproduction of a picture by Guardi, his "Santa Maria della Salute." Here the etcher has contrived, with a certain affectation, to give to his etching something of the ragged surface of an eighteenth-century engraving of the rougher sort—a trick which serves indeed to accentuate the peculiarities of the original painting, and to render for us all the mannerism of the school of Canaletto, but which does not add to the beauty of the etching. Of these reproductions of Guardi's pictures, indeed, we much prefer the next in the volume, etched from the "San Giorgio Maggiore," by M. Auguste Boulard. We remember noting this very agreeable etching at the exhibition in the Salon last year, and we believe that we are correct in saying that the etcher is a young artist of great promise. The sky is beautifully treated, without a too slavish following of Guardi's convention, and the masses of building, variegated with light and shade, clustering on the two islands, are admirably treated. The eye escapes between the islands, and rests with great satisfaction on the distant horizon, where a touch of luminous sky relieves the heavy cloud which gathers over the rest of the heavens. The lights in the immediate foreground are perhaps a little excessive. The remaining etchings do not call for any very special notice. One is a rendering by M. Léon Gaucherel of one of M. Félix Ziem's Venetian sea pieces. M. Ziem is a sort of fifth-rate French Turner, whose pictures can scarcely any longer be said to be in fashion, and who has even ceased to exhibit. We are a little surprised to find him introduced into such excellent company. There is much more appropriateness in an etching by M. Ramus of Mr. Van Haanen's "Venetian Bead Threaders," one of the most successful of recent genre-pictures, the exhibition of which in our own Royal Academy must be fresh in the minds of all our readers. The etcher has done his work carefully as far as drawing is concerned, but he has not been able to indicate with success the very rich coloration of this remarkable picture.

An Englishman will hardly be prepared to admit that a volume does justice to "Venice Illustrated," which takes so very little heed of what has been done by our own artists. Miss Clara Montalba is indeed so far recognized in M. Gourdault's book that woodcuts are inserted to recall to us the design of two of her most important pictures. But the purely architectural draughtsmanship that has been expended on Venice by Englishmen, the patient record of all the beauty that is fading hour by hour under the sea-winds and the modern enterprise of the Italian nation—we should have been pleased to see some recognition of this from a French critic. When Venice is a hundred years older, the world will be grateful to those who, from Samuel Prout to John Bunney, have patiently recorded the perishing monuments of the "sea-girt city." The Italians have lived within the sight of all these morsels of carving and fragments of mosaic so long that their appreciation of their value is a little dulled. The Englishman comes with a fresher eye and a more reverent spirit, and seizes the genius of the past as it is in the act of raising its wings for flight. Mr. Bunney, whose exhibition of studies in Venice was one of the most interesting of the minor shows this winter, was just the patient and modest enthusiast that Venice herself will one day be the first to appreciate. And it must not be forgotten that Mr. Ruskin himself has done much, with his own hand no less than with his patronage, to reproduce the charm of the old city.

We have said nothing hitherto of the text of this volume. We do no injustice, we are sure, to M. Gourdault and his publishers when we conjecture that the text was prepared for the illustrations, and not the illustrations for the text. The author, however, has done his work well. There is no attempt at competing with M. Charles Yriarte in his voluminous researches and brilliant series of allusions. Still less is there any attempt made to restore the palmy age of French travel, when Gérard de Nerval and Théophile Gautier sowed the pages of their guide-books with rubies and seed-pearl. We congratulate M. Gourdault on his modesty in avoiding this sort of eloquence, which can only be endured from the lips of a master. As an example of his style at its best we may quote this very agreeable description of nightfall at Venice:—

La nuit cependant n'a cessé de tomber. Sur les deux places et sur le quai on commence d'allumer les innombrables et massifs candélabres qui tout à l'heure enverront leurs reflets au double azur du ciel et de l'eau. Avant de pénétrer plus avant, entre ces deux gigantesques colonnes qui sont là comme les pilastres d'attente de quelque royaume de la féerie, retournez-vous un moment, je vous prie, et jetez un regard sur la perspective toute noyée de teintes crépusculaires qui se déploie à l'Est et au Sud. En face de vous, par delà le bras de mer où débouchent côte à côte le Canalasso et le large bassin de la Giudecca, se détache dans une sorte de bécasse rose un long massif insulaire, hérissé de dômes et de clochers, qui semble l'amorce d'un monde inconnu. A droite, au-dessus de la

Dogana di Mare, s'arrondissent les coupoles de la Salute; à gauche, court la ligne mollement inféchiée de la Riva degli Schiavoni; tout le long du quai, grouillant de monde, des mâts de navires qui se balancent; puis, à l'extrémité de la courbe, un amas indistinct de verdure; par delà, de nouveaux îlots, des bancs de sable, des trouées mystérieuses, le Lido, quelque gros steamer qui entre ou qui sort, des bateaux dalmates dont les voiles roussâtres se gonflent au vent; et enfin, par-dessus le bruissement de la foule tumultueuse, les cris des industriels de toute sorte, marchands de fruits confits, escamoteurs, glaciers ambulants, qui piétinent sur les dalles du quai, devant les hôtels et les cafés, ou refluent vers la Piazzetta, entendez-vous ce grondement sourd et lointain, aux tonalités parfois menaçantes: c'est l'Adriatique qui déferle là-bas contre les digues protectrices des lagunes. Peut-être même en ce moment, si magnifique que la nuit s'annonce en dedans des Lidi, un souffle d'orange effleure-t-il la haute mer; peut-être l'impétueux boreas, auprès duquel le mistral même n'est souvent qu'un zéphyr, prépare-t-il une de ces rafales si redoutées des barques de pêche; mais n'en ayez souci; d'ordinaire, les vents déchainés épuisent au large le plus gros de leur furie et épargnent le bassin si bien clos où repose à l'ancre, depuis douze siècles, la ville majestueuse et sereine.

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1873 " 1877	68,032	2,022,758
1878 " 1882	88,173	2,683,111

The Quinquennial Valuation shows a surplus of £59,331 17s. 8d. Under the Deed of Constitution, one half must be reserved and will accumulate at interest until the next division of Profits in 1885. The other half, £29,665 8s. 10d., will be divided between the Shareholders and Policyholders, in the proportion required by the Deed, the Shareholders receiving £14,832 9s. 5d., the Policyholders £14,832 9s. 10d., the reversionary value of which sum will be added to their Policies.

The position of the Office, then, stands thus: After making full provision for every Policy liability, upon a strict and careful valuation, and after the distribution of a Bonus of £29,665 8s. 10d. to the Policyholders, and £14,832 9s. 10d. to the Shareholders, the PROVIDENT commences another quinquennial period, dating from January 1, 1883, with a surplus of £29,665 8s. 10d. in itself an element of great strength, and a source of Profit for the Bonus distribution to be made five years hence. Under these conditions, the Directors confidently look forward to a career of unabated success, and of continued progress."

Chairman's Address, Prospectus, &c., can be obtained on application to
CHARLES STEVENS, Secretary.GUARDIAN FIRE and LIFE OFFICE,
11 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1821. Subscribed Capital, Two Millions.

Directors.

Chairman—JOHN G. TALBOT, Esq., M.P.

Deputy-Chairman—ALBAN G. H. GIBBS, Esq.

Henry Hulse Berens, Esq.
Henry Bonham-Carter, Esq.
Charles Wm. Curtis, Esq.
Charles F. Lewis, Esq.
Sir Walter R. Farquhar, Bart.
James Goodison, Esq.
Thomas Hankley, Esq.
Richard M. Harvey, Esq.
Right Hon. John G. Hubbard, M.P.
Frederick H. Janson, Esq.
Rt. Hon. G. J. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P.
Beaumont W. Lubbock, Esq.
John B. Martin, Esq.
S. Hope Morley, Esq.
Henry John Norman, Esq.
David Powell, Esq.
Augustus Prevost, Esq.
Henry Vigne, Esq.

Manager of Fire Department—F. J. MARSDEN.

Actuary and Secretary—T. G. C. BROWNE.

Share Capital at present paid up and invested £1,000,000
Total Funds upwards of £3,941,000
Total Annual Income over £517,000

N.B.—Fire Policies which expire at Lady-day should be renewed at the Head Office, or with the Agents, on or before April 5.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1803.—10LD BROAD STREET, E.C., and 22 PALL MALL, S.W.

CAPITAL, £1,500,000. PAID-UP and INVESTED, £700,000.

Insurances against Fire on Property in all parts of the world at moderate rates of premium. Prompt and liberal settlement of claims. Policies falling due at Lady-day should be renewed before April 5, or the same will become void.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE

(Incorporated by Royal Charter, A.D. 1720.)

For FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES.

HEAD OFFICE—7 ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.

WEST-END BRANCH—25 PARLIAMENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.

Governor—WILLIAM RENNIE, Esq.

Sub-Governor—LEWIS ALEXANDER WALLACE, Esq.

Deputy-Governor—GEORGE WILLIAM CAMPBELL, Esq.

Directors.

H. Gough Arbuthnot, Esq.
Robert Burn Blyth, Esq.
William T. Brand, Esq.
Edward Budd, Esq.
Mark Willes Collet, Esq.
George B. Dewhurst, Esq.
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Howard Gilliat, Esq.
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Captain R. W. Pelly, R.N.
P. F. Robertson, Esq.
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Albert G. Sandeman, Esq.
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John Young, Esq.

West End Committee.

S. P. LOW, Esq. (Messrs. Grindlay & Co.)

CHARLES S. PARIS, Esq., 22 King Street, St. James's, S.W.

The Hon. FRANCIS PARKER, 3 Temple Gardens, E.C.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Fifteen days of grace allowed for renewal of Lady-day Fire Policies will expire on April 5.
Claims under Life Policies are payable upon proof of death, and title being furnished to the satisfaction of the Court of Directors, without as hitherto deferring the settlement for a period of three months.
Prospectuses, copies of the Accounts, and other information can be had on application.

JOHN F. LAURENCE, Secretary.